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NATIONAL LAMPOON

May 1975 The Humor Magazine \$1.00

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great music,
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great music system.**

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when you want something better



**You are about to read
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Never before has a Pioneer quadraphonic music system been available at such an unbelievably low price.

As the leading high fidelity craftsmen in the world, Pioneer has assembled a superb quality 4-channel music system that includes everything you need for unlimited enjoyment in the new and exciting world of 4-channel sound.

The control center of this spectacular system is the Pioneer QX-646 4-channel receiver. It places at your fingertips every form of music known to man. And the beauty part is that you get flawless reception of 4-channel and 2-channel FM broadcasts, records and tapes, as well as AM programs, just by turning a selector switch. It's that simple.

There's also four magnificent sounding Pioneer Project 60 loudspeakers that faithfully reproduce the complete tonal range of the human voice as well as every instrument in an orchestra.

Pioneer completes this exceptional system with their PL-10 record

player. This professional quality turntable plays all 33 1/3 and 45 rpm records. Its specially designed tone-arm comes completely equipped with a 4-channel cartridge, including a diamond stylus.

For the technically-inclined, this versatile system is able to handle all types of currently-available quad program material: CD-4 discrete 4-channel, SQ matrix 4-channel and regular matrix (QS) 4-channel. No external decoders or other adaptors are required. One front-panel mode selector and the sophisticated internal electronic circuitry do it all.

Take advantage of this one time offer and save over \$225*

We urge you to hear this incomparable music system as soon as possible. Selected Pioneer dealers in your area are presenting this sensational limited time system offer at savings of more than \$225*. Don't pass up this unique opportunity to own a great 4-channel music system at a great price.

These quality components can add extra enjoyment to your Pioneer 4-channel high fidelity music system, or to any system you may already own.

Here are just a few of the quality components available to increase the versatility of this magnificent system.

RT-1020L Open Reel Tape Deck.

Records stereo programs and plays back 2-channel and 4-channel tapes. Endless hours of listening pleasure with 10 1/2-inch reels. \$649.95. Other studio-quality models from \$599.95.

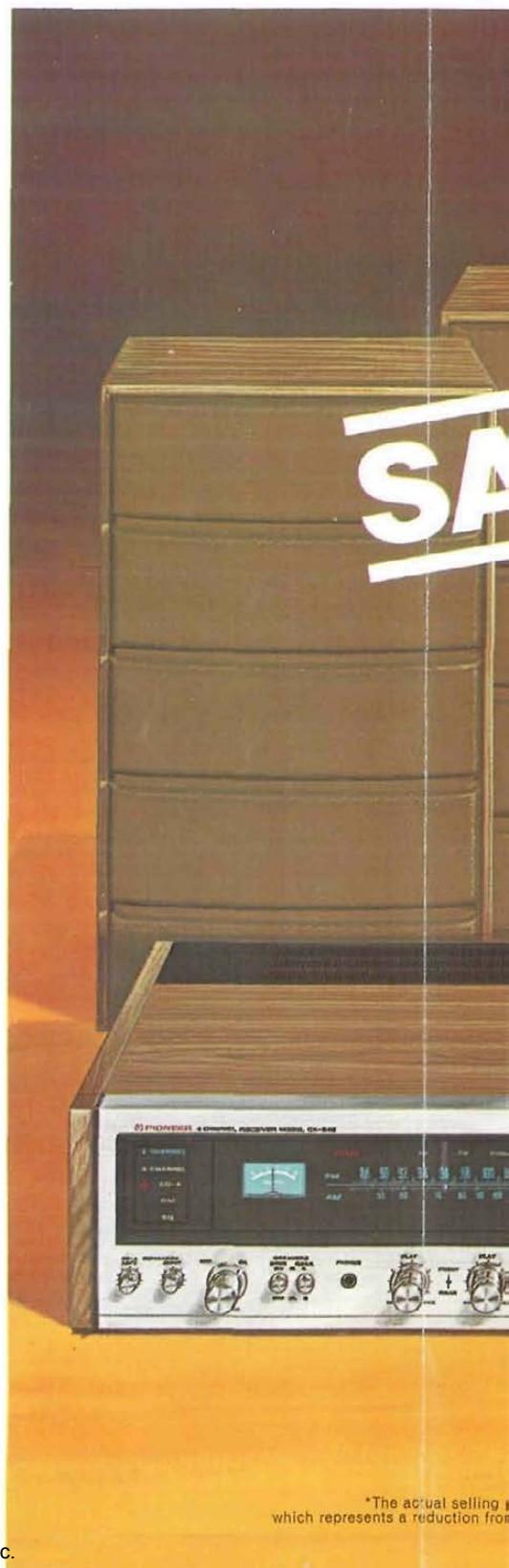
CT-7171 Stereo Cassette Deck.

The finest performing cassette deck in its price range. Maximum convenience

with all controls and illuminated cassette compartment on front panel. Can be stacked above or beneath other components. Many professional type features, including Dolby noise reduction system. \$369.95. Other models from \$179.95.

SE-505 Stereo Headphones.

Enjoy hours of outstandingly natural sound in complete privacy. Volume and tone controls on each kid soft earpiece. 16 1/2-foot coil cord and permanent storage case. \$59.95. Complete selection of Pioneer headphones starting at \$24.95.



U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.
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Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

*The actual selling price which represents a reduction from

1-channel high fidelity stantial savings.

SAVE OVER \$225*



 **PIONEER®**

when you want something better

Selling price of this system will be set by individual dealers at their own discretion. The manufacturer's suggested resale price is \$749.95, less from the original suggested prices of the components sold separately. The suggested resale price of the components sold separately was \$989.90.

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Macy's					Knoxville Sterling Electronics
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Shelley's Audio					Tape Town
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Orlando					Memphis Modern Music
21st Century Electronics		</td			

The whole neighborhood wondered what Frank Mallon was up to in his workshop.

Word had it he was up to something mighty peculiar. And when he didn't show up for bowling practice one Wednesday night, the Wabash Cannonballs (that was the name of his neighborhood team) began to wonder, too.

So it was that a bunch of the boys decided to pay their "star" a visit, and talk him out of his workshop and back into action.

It didn't happen that way, though.

Matter of fact, it was Frank Mallon who talked the Wabash Cannonballs out of their bowling night and down into his workshop. What was it...what could be exciting enough to keep a bunch of ten-pin tigers from their favorite pastime? One of the most fascinating learn-at-home programs in the world, that's what!

Actually build and experiment with the new generation color TV in Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating learn-at-home program. It will help you develop new occupational skills as an electronics troubleshooter.

You'll set up your own electronics laboratory to learn first-hand, the technology behind such innovations as digital-display wrist-watches and tiny pocket calculators.

In fact, as part of the program, you'll actually build and experiment with a 25" diagonal color TV incorporating digital features.

But most important of all will be the new skills you'll develop all along the way...the kind of skills that could lead you in exciting new directions. While we cannot offer assurance of income opportunities, once you've completed the program you can use your training:

1. To seek out a job in the electronics industry.
2. To upgrade your current job.
3. As a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.

Go exploring at home, in your spare time. No traveling to class. No lectures. No one looking over your shoulder.

Bell & Howell Schools wants to introduce you to the modern way to learn. It means you'll be able to develop new skills in your own home—on whatever days and hours you choose. So you don't have to give up your present job or paycheck just because you want to learn new occupational skills.

What's more, we believe that when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough.

That's why you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of the most impressive electronic training tools you've ever seen.

No electronics background necessary.

That's one of the advantages of this program. We start you off with the basics and help you work your way up, one step at a time. In fact, with your first lesson you receive a Lab Starter Kit to give you immediate working experience on equipment.

You build and perform exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab®, an exclusive electronics training system.

First comes the design console. After you assemble it, you'll be able to set up and examine circuits without soldering.

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Next, you'll put together a digital multimeter. This instrument measures voltage, current and resistance, and displays its findings in big, clear numbers like on a digital clock.

Then comes the solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope. An instrument similar in principle to the kind used in hospital operating rooms to monitor heartbeats. You'll use it to analyze the "heartbeats" of tiny integrated circuits. The "triggered sweep" feature locks in signals for easier observation.

You'll build and work with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV... investigating digital features you've probably never seen before!

This 25" diagonal color TV has digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future.

As you build it, you'll probe into the technology behind all-electronic tuning. And into the digital circuitry of channel numbers that appear right on the screen! You'll also build in a remarkable on-the-screen digital clock that will flash the time in hours, minutes and seconds.

And you'll program a special automatic channel selector to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

After building and experimenting with this TV, you'll be equipped with the kinds of skills that could put you ahead of the field in electronics know-how.

We try to give more personal attention than other learn-at-home programs.

1. Toll-free phone-in assistance. Should you ever run into a rough spot, we'll be there to help. While many schools make you mail in your questions, we have a toll-free line for questions that can't wait.

2. In-person "help sessions". These are held in 50 major cities at various times throughout the year, where you can talk shop with your instructors and fellow students.

So take a tip from Frank Mallon. Find out more about the first learn-at-home program that could stir up your neighborhood!

Mail this postage-paid card today for full details!

Taken for vocational purposes, this program is approved for Veterans' Benefits.

If card has been removed, write:

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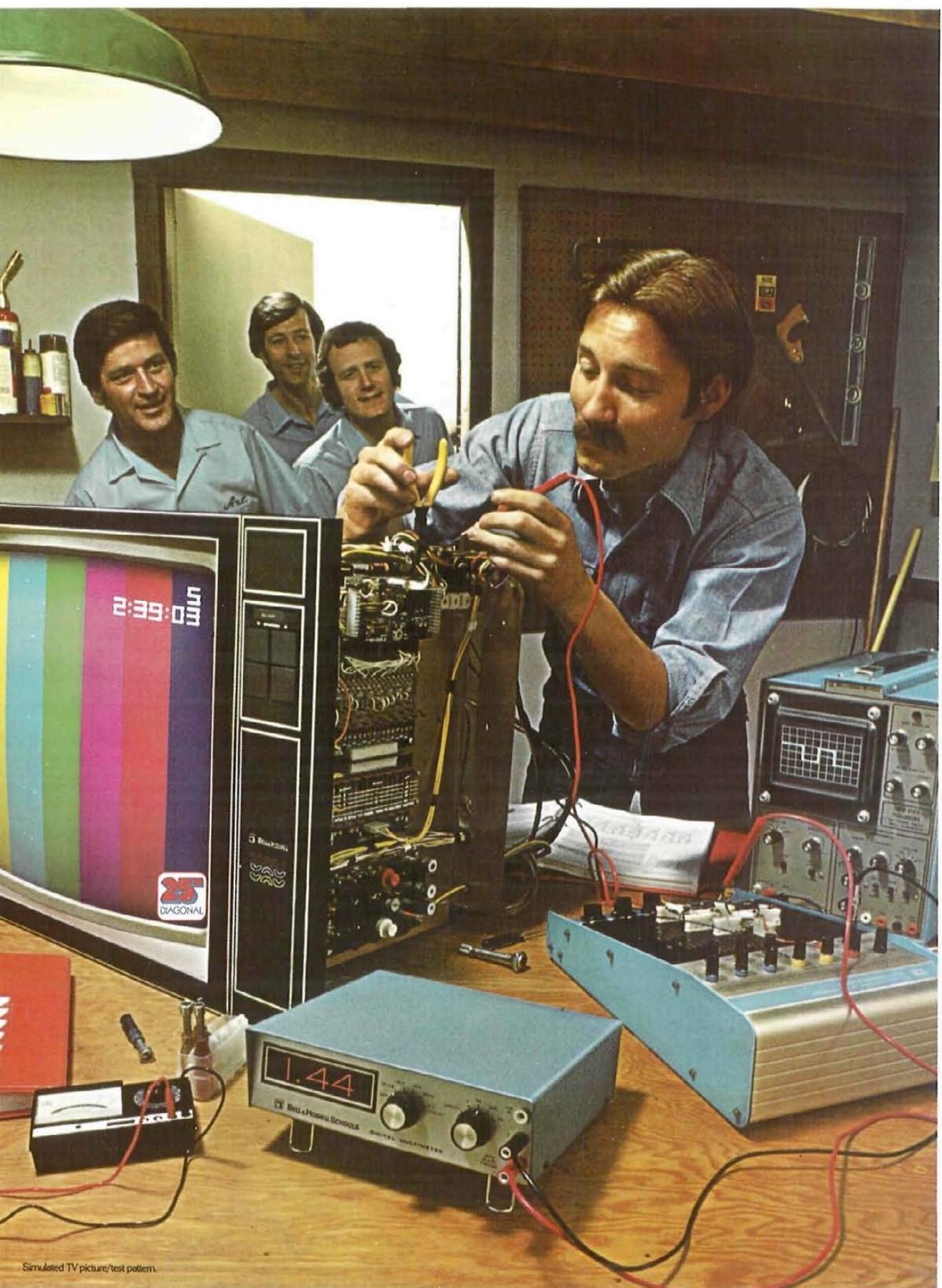
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696R3





Simulated TV picture/test pattern.

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Why you should select your turntable more carefully than any other component.

Every component is important to the total performance of an audio system, but the turntable is critical. It is the only component that physically handles your biggest investment in musical enjoyment: your record collection.

In time, your changing tastes can outgrow your present amplifier and speakers. But regardless of how these components affect the reproduction of music, they cannot do anything to harm your records.

Not so the turntable. A tonearm that does not allow the stylus to track the grooves lightly, accurately and with perfect balance can turn the stylus into a destructive instrument easily capable of lopping off the sharp contours which carry the high frequencies. When that happens, the clean high notes become fuzzy memories. Permanently. There's just no way to restore a damaged record. Even the best equipment can't replace notes once they're gone.

After considering what your records require for longevity, you

should consider what you require of operating convenience and flexibility. For example, if you don't relish risking your stylus and records by handling the tonearm each time you play a record, you will want an automatic turntable. And if you desire to play two or more records in sequence, you will want a turntable with record changing ability.

All Dual turntables easily fulfill every requirement for record playback and preservation—and every requirement for user convenience. Which is why the readers of the leading audio and music magazines own more Duals than any other turn-

table. It's also why so many audio professionals are quite satisfied with even the lowest-priced Dual.

Please write for our very informative brochures and complete reprints of independent test reports. The more carefully you read them, the more likely you are to select a Dual. Any Dual.

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From front to rear: Dual 1229Q, \$269.95; Dual 1228, \$199.95; Dual 1226, \$169.95; Dual 1225, \$139.95.

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Thoroughbreds

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They satisfy now.

For 60 years Chesterfield has enjoyed a reputation for making great straight cigarettes.

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Try new Chesterfield filters.

New
Chesterfield
Filters.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Filter King: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine;

101's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine Av. per cigarette by FTC Method



Sirs:

Many years ago in our village there lived a young warrior called Ndongo. Ndongo wished to marry the chief's youngest daughter, Mlulu, but Mdzidzi the chief demanded three cows and an earthen gourd filled with golden yams, a very high bride price in those days. Lacking both cows or golden yams, Ndongo gathered his smoking pots, together with three vulture feathers, and set off into the jungle to seek gold with which to buy his cone-breasted Mlulu.

He had not traveled farther than the watering hole when he heard the moan of Dzibi the Hippo.

"What ails you, Brother Hippo," asked Ndongo, "that you moan so mournfully?"

"I moan for the juicy, tender fronds that grow so plentifully on yonder bank," the old hippo answered.

"Well, why don't you eat them?" asked Ndongo.

"I would," replied Dzibi the Hippo, "but this mudhole is so soothing to my skin. The temperature is just right, and the feel of the mud is as finely pounded yam mash, just as I like it. Would you have me lose my place in the wallow when the afternoon sun beats down so piteously?"

"Then let me take your place in the wallow," said Ndongo, hanging his smoking pots on a nearby Eucalyptus tree. "When you have eaten your fill, come back to where I stand and you will have your fresh fronds and cool mud as well."

"A good bargain," replied Dzibi. "I'll be right back. Here."

When Dzibi had waddled off toward the riverbank, clever Ndongo immediately dived to the slimy bottom and found an earthen gourd filled with golden yams just as the Old Ones' song had promised.

"Did you feed well?" asked Ndongo, slyly clasping the gourd securely between his ankles under the ooze as Dzibi returned.

"No sweat," replied the Hippo. "Now, get your feet off my gourd or I'll roll you flatter than the Saturday edition of the *Leopoldville Inquirer*. Move it."

Not wishing to be thus so flat, Ndongo gingerly released the gourd, which sank slowly back to the wallow

bottom, and paddled speedily for shore. Back on dry land, Ndongo found that his smoking pots had been stolen. After several more days walking through the jungle, Ndongo came upon a diamond mine operated by the De Beers Company. Obtaining working papers after promising a portion of his first two years' wages to the usual petty officials, Ndongo set off to earn his bride price in the mines.

At the end of two long years, Ndongo had finally saved up enough for the officials and a sufficient sum as well almost to pay for three cows and a golden gourd. However, it was at this time that Ndongo learned that Mlulu was now betrothed to a warrior from a neighboring tribe, and already the day of tormenting the wedding pig had been chosen.

Impatient to return to his village, Ndongo was subsequently caught by the mining inspectors with an uncut fourteen-carat diamond in his lunch-pot, and was sentenced to seventeen years in prison, where he is today.

Leroi Jones
Newark, N.J.

Sirs:

Am I still as important as the Virgin Mary?

Ono Yoko
Grosse Point, Mich.

Sirs:

Hey listen, do you guys ever get sued? (Bet Volkswagen's a dirty word around your office, heh, heh.) Who writes the letters? What's Chris Miller really like? What ever happened to the Radio Show? When's *Lemmings* coming to my town? Who did that Flash Bazbo voice? Are there any things you guys think are sacred? What's Rodriguez like? Gahan Wilson? And the guy who does Cheech Wizard and Dirty Duck? Is M. K. Brown a guy or a chick? How come I didn't get my last three issues? (I started getting them way back in '74.)

What ever happened to Michael O'Donoghue? How can I submit my ideas? Is everybody there from the *Harvard Lampoon* or what? How can I get into Harvard? What did you guys say to Tom Snyder? Does anybody famous ever write in? How come you guys called David Frost as ass-hole? How can I start my own magazine? When are you going to do a parody of cafeteria food? Is the Mamie Eisenhower death contest still on? Did you kill that dog? Who writes Baba Rum Raisin? Do you guys hang out with Norman Mailer and Gloria Steinem and a fast crowd, or do you just sit home listening to Chicago like we do? Do you feel pain like we do? Who's the chick with the big tits? How can you justify making

continued

You have to do more than move air to make a little speaker sound as good as a floor standing giant.

Ordinary speakers need large volumes of air inside. (That's why most little speakers don't sound so good.)

David isn't ordinary. There are effectively no air chambers at all.

Instead, Motional Feedback, (a Philips exclusive) lets David listen to itself. And instantly correct any distortion.

Two matched power amplifiers are inside (bi-amplification) producing 103 dB at one meter. One for the woofer. The other for the mid-range and tweeter. No other amplifier is needed. But David will work with all receivers and component systems.

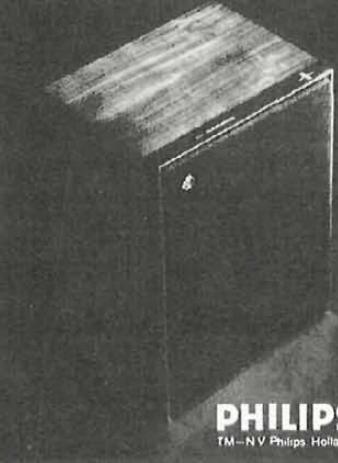
All that power, Motional Feedback and a three-way speaker system come in a walnut finished cabinet only 11 1/4 x 15 x 8 1/2" small.

Tell your audio dealer you want to hear from the little guy.

PHILIPS AUDIO VIDEO SYSTEMS CORP.
AUDIO DIVISION
91 McKee Drive, Mahwah, N.J. 07430

Gutsy little David.

Motional Feedback™
bi-amplification, 3-way system.
That's how a package
so small can sound so big.



PHILIPS®

TM-N V Philips Holland

continued

fun of cripples? When are you going to do a parody of Poli Sci students? (Don't bother, most of them are *parodies of themselves!*) Are True Facts really true? Do you ever print any real letters? How can I submit my ideas? How much do you guys make? Was that a real high school in the *Yearbook*? Where do you get your ideas? How can I submit my ideas? Who does those meat articles? Does he think they're funny? Was that a boy or girl on the Pubescence Issue cover? How can I submit my ideas? Do you work stoned? What is Ed Subitzky really like? How can I submit my ideas? Why don't you print real letters?

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis
Hughes Zimmerman Rockefeller
Wonder Ali Lennon McCartney
Harrison Subitzky
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sirs:

This is just a note to the drug police to tell them from beyond the grave that Hef never *ever* used or abused illegal drugs, especially enough speed to sweat Barbie Benton's gross weight from either armpit daily.

Bobbie Arnstein
Deth Ray, Fla.

P.S. Much.

Gentlemen:

We are happy to report that we have perfected a morning-after birth control pill for men. We feel that this convenient contraceptive will prove a boon to all and make a major contribution to population control.

Dr. Wadislaw T. Ladsczlnsi
University of Lodz
Lodz, Poland

Sirs:

Never talk about a guy's testicles behind his back. Because they're not behind his back, they're betwixt the fleshy thighs. Just thought I'd let you know that I know.

Lucille Ball
Rodondo Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Hello, this is your captain speaking, welcoming you aboard Flying Dutchman Airlines. We will be cruising at approximately 33,000 feet. Right now, if you look out the right cabin windows, you will see below you the Tennessee Valley Authority's northernmost dam. Out your left window, you will see a V-formation of MIG fighters with Russian markings, a squadron of saucer-shaped objects, Shelley Winters astride an ICBM, and Rodan the Flying Monster with a napkin around his neck. The clean-cut young man sitting next to you in the Ohio State sweatshirt is a Palestinian guerrilla with 220 pounds of explosives in his

knapsack, and the elderly gent nodding off on your left is a cleverly-made robot directed from Peking. The stewardess currently spilling your Tab in your lap is Patty Hearst.

We'd like to thank you for choosing Flying Dutchman and at this time request that you extinguish all smoking materials, put all seats and trays in an upright position, make sure your seatbelt is fastened, and prepare for landing. It has been a pleasure flying with you, and we'd like to assure you that the slight increase in sound is merely the landing gear falling off, and the mild bump you'll experience is simply us bailing out. We will be landing in approximately thirty seconds, straight down, and wish you a pleasant stay in the Bermuda Triangle.

Wiley and Amelia Post
Howard Hawk, Md.

Sirs:

Had to let you in on how impressed folks are out here in Doughnuthole about the way you guys soft-peddle your spin-offs like the *National Lampoon Show*. Most mags would write some dumb "puff article" on *The New York Times*' rave review and dwell on all the big movie stars in it like John Belushi (*Giant, Rebel Without a Cause, On the Waterfront*), Harold Ramis (*Charge of the Light Brigade, Trash, Yojimbo*), Brian Doyle-Murray (*Teen-age Commies from Outer Space, The Godfather II, Russ Meyer's Vixens*), Bill "There's a Lobster Loose" Murray-Doyle (*2001, The Sorrow and the Pity, Fistful of Dollars*), and the very lovely Ms. Gilda Radner (*Citizen Kane II, I Want to Live, Miracle at 134th Street*), not to mention the many wry jests and delicious hamburgers (count your change)!

Because of your real fine attitude this way, I want to tell you fellows that if I am ever in New York City I will surely call up the New Palladium Theater and spend money on this instead of food.

A Reader
RFD 69
Doughnuthole, Neb.

Sirs:

Is my writing for shit? Jesus, don't ask me, buddy, I gotta deadline, y'know? See you Tuesday. Yeah, right, lunch, okay, bye.

Jesus.

Norman Mailer
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Sirs:

Special announcement to all ex-hippies. Sorry, but it's *too late* to sell out! Hu hu.

Doug Kenney and T. Hobbes
Altamontecarlo, Monaco

**EARTH® negative heel shoes
are sold only at Earth® shoe
stores in these cities.**

For the address consult your
phone directory.

Arizona	Tucson
California	Berkeley Carmel Fresno*
Hermosa Beach	Laguna Beach
Palm Springs*	Palo Alto San Diego*
San Francisco	Santa Ana
Santa Barbara	Westwood
Colorado	Boulder
Connecticut	Hartford New Haven
District of Columbia	Washington, D.C.
Florida	Gainesville North Miami Beach South Miami
Georgia	Atlanta
Illinois	Chicago
Indiana	Bloomington Indianapolis*
Kentucky	Louisville*
Louisiana	New Orleans
Massachusetts	Amherst Cambridge
Michigan	Ann Arbor Birmingham
Minnesota	Minneapolis
Missouri	Kansas City
Nevada	Las Vegas*
New Jersey	Princeton
New York	New York Buffalo Garden City Huntington Rochester*
North Carolina	Southampton Chapel Hill Charlotte
Ohio	Cleveland Heights Columbus Dayton*
Oklahoma	Toledo*
Oregon	Oklahoma City*
Pennsylvania	Eugene*
Rhode Island	Portland*
Tennessee	Allentown Philadelphia Pittsburgh State College*
Texas	Providence*
Utah	Knoxville
Vermont	Memphis
Virginia	Austin
Washington	Dallas Salt Lake City
Wisconsin	Burlington
	Richmond*
	Seattle Spokane*
	Madison

CANADA

Quebec	Montreal
Ontario	Toronto

EUROPE

Denmark	Copenhagen
Germany	Munich

If there is no store in your area, write to Earth shoe, Dept. N.Y., 251 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10010 and we will send you a brochure that explains how to order the Earth® brand shoe by mail.

*Opening soon.



Why everybody's pretending they're us.



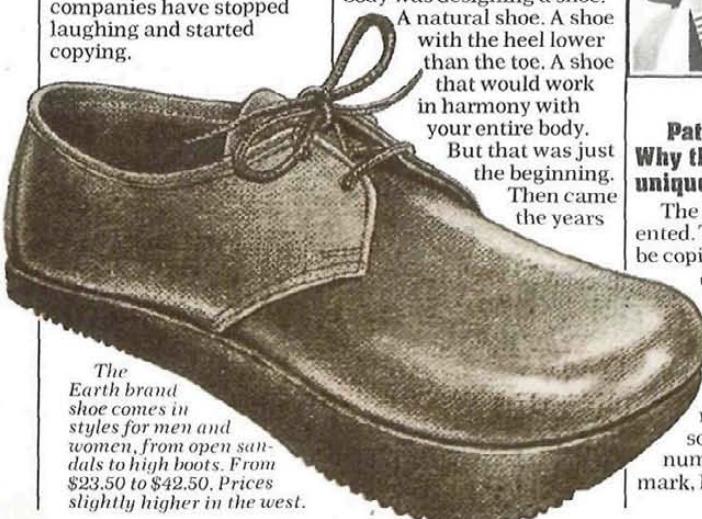
These are not Earth shoes. Just because they look like Earth shoes doesn't mean they are Earth brand shoes.

There was a time when the EARTH® negative heel shoe was the only shoe in the world with the heel lower than the toe.

In those days the other people who made shoes just laughed at us.

But things have changed.

And now that you love our Earth brand shoes, now that you're standing in line to get them, the shoe companies have stopped laughing and started copying.



The Earth brand shoe comes in styles for men and women, from open sandals to high boots. From \$23.50 to \$42.50. Prices slightly higher in the west.

The shoes that look like, seem like, but don't work like the Earth® shoe.

Today, a lot of people are trying to imitate our shoe. Some even use names that sound like ours, and have ads that look like ours!

It seems like everybody's trying to be us.

But what they don't understand is this. Merely lowering the heel of a shoe isn't enough. And imitating the outside of our shoe isn't enough. Just because a shoe looks like the Earth shoe doesn't mean it works like the Earth shoe.

It took many years to perfect the Earth brand shoe. And those years are crucial. They make our shoe different from all its imitators.

How the Earth® Shoe was invented.

It started years ago when Anne Kalsø had the original idea for the negative heel shoe.

She saw footprints in the sand, and realized that with every footprint the body was designing a shoe.

A natural shoe. A shoe with the heel lower than the toe. A shoe that would work in harmony with your entire body.

But that was just the beginning. Then came the years



of research and hard work to get every detail just right. To perfect the arch. To make the toes wide, comfortable and functional. To balance the shoe. To mold the sole in a special way so that it would allow you to walk in a natural rolling motion. Gently and easily even on the hard jarring cement of our cities.

To get an idea of how the Earth® shoe works, stand barefoot with your toes up on a book. Feel what begins to happen.



Patent #3305947. Why the Earth® shoe is unique.

The Earth shoe is patented. That means it can't be copied without being changed.

And if it's changed it just isn't the Earth shoe.

So to be sure you're getting the real thing, look on the sole for our patent number and our trademark, Earth. If they're not

there, it's not the Earth brand shoe.

Sold only at Earth® shoe stores.

And there's one more thing that makes our shoes so special. Our stores.

Earth shoes are sold only at Earth shoe stores. Stores that sell no other shoe but ours, and are devoted entirely to the Earth shoe concept.

How our shoes fit you is very important to us. There's a special technique to fitting them. Our people are trained to fit you properly and we wouldn't trust anyone else to do it.

Find out for yourself.

To really appreciate Earth shoes you must try them.

When you do you'll see, perhaps for the first time in your life, what it's like to walk more gracefully, naturally and comfortably.



*EARTH is the registered trademark of Kalsø Systemet, Inc. for its negative heel shoes and other products.

©1974, Kalsø Systemet, Inc.



Anne Kalsø.

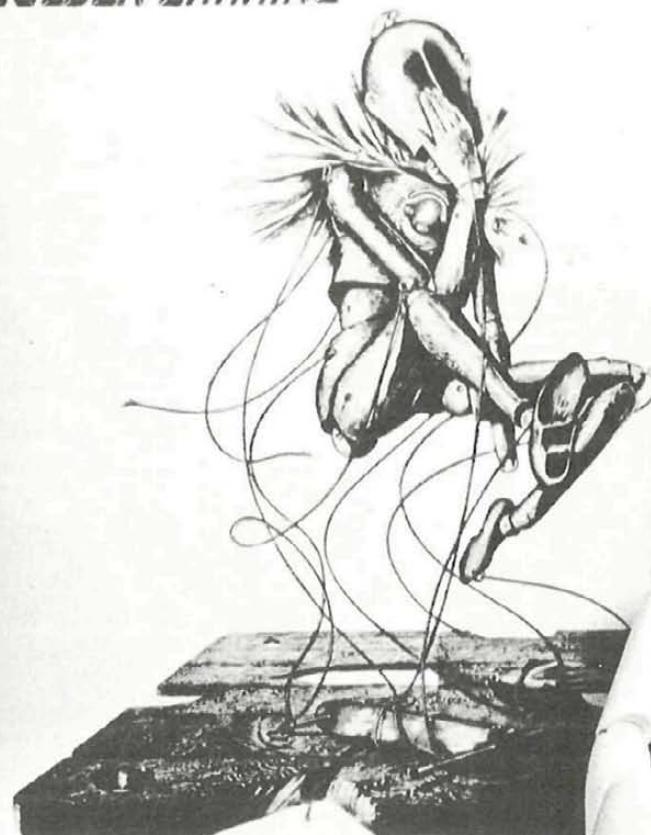
Inventor of the EARTH negative heel shoe.

You can only buy Earth shoes at Earth Shoe Stores in the cities listed on the facing page.

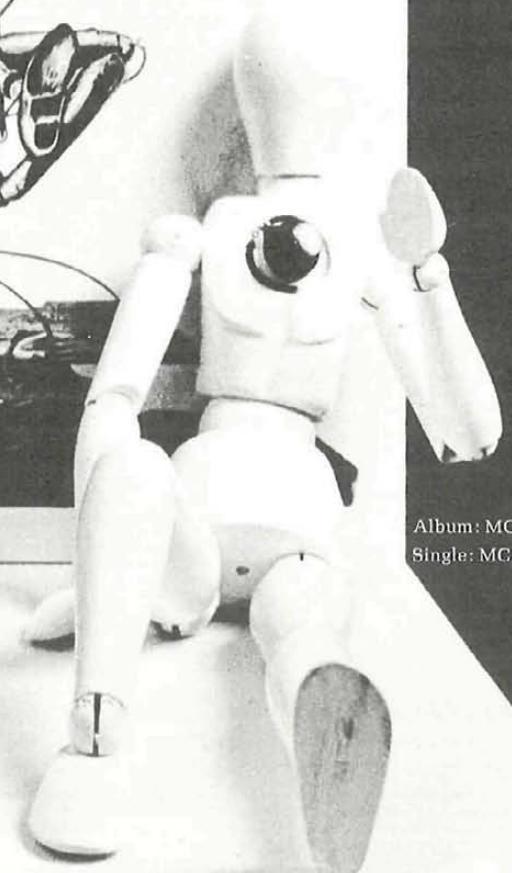
GOLDEN EARRING SWITCH

A new album, a new single "Ce Soir," a new North American tour.

GOLDEN EARRING



SWITCH



Album: MCA-2139

Single: MCA-40369

Golden Earring 1975 Tour:

April 3—Buffalo, New York
April 4—Boston, Massachusetts
April 5—Cleveland, Ohio
April 7—Detroit, Michigan
April 8—Columbus, Ohio
April 9—Indianapolis, Indiana
April 11—Chicago, Illinois
April 12—Memphis, Tennessee
April 13—Evansville, Indiana
April 15—Denver, Colorado
April 18—Portland, Oregon
April 19—Seattle, Washington
April 21—Salt Lake City, Utah
April 23—Phoenix, Arizona
April 25—San Francisco, California
April 27—Los Angeles, California
April 30—Cincinnati, Ohio
May 1—St. Louis, Missouri

May 2—Kansas City, Kansas
May 4—St. Paul, Minnesota
May 9—Dallas, Texas
May 10—Houston, Texas
May 11—Austin, Texas
May 15—Atlanta, Georgia
May 16—Jacksonville, Florida
May 17—Miami, Florida
May 18—Lakeland, Florida
May 21—New Orleans, Louisiana

May 22—Pensacola, Florida
May 24—Birmingham, Alabama
May 27—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
May 28—Toronto, Ontario
May 30—Hempstead, Long Island
May 31—New York, New York
June 6—Washington, D.C.

(Dates and places subject to change
please watch for further additions)

TRACK
Record

MCA RECORDS

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EDITORIAL

Subject *A*, deceased, born 1906, was a Greek multimillionaire, with suspect proclivities. Autopsy revealed the cause of death to be bronchial pneumonia, complicated by French medical care. Further examination showed extensive though largely healed lesions of the rectum, possibly due to cultural interplay of forces beyond the scope of this review, accompanied by massive distension of the prostate, apparently the result of complete sexual continence for the last six or seven years. This estimate was obtained by extensive examination of auto-fertilized fetuses recovered from the scrotum of the body, some of which exhibited not only full sets of functioning limbs, but a command of the Cyrillic alphabet. Subject's financial status was shown to be excellent at the point of demise, despite some setback in aeronautical enterprises, and levels of between 500 and 700 million units were discovered in postmortem depositaries.

Subject *B*, born 1917, deceased, was a major executive with a large American corporation, also with dubious patterns of private life-style. Medical records show cause of death to be massive cerebral migraine, resulting from introduction of foreign substance, tentatively identified as lead projectiles, into the cerebrum, with consequent disappearance of large portions of the skull and thorax into the air and/or grassland of Dallas, Texas. Curiously, subject exhibited similar indications of extreme sexual continence, commencing some three years prior to demise, fetuses re-

covered being subject to extreme tibial cancer and consequent lack of lower limbs, and demonstrating no command whatsoever of any alphabet, Cyrillic included. Subject's financial health at demise was dubious, levels stabilizing between 50 and 60 million units.

Subject *C*, born 1929, inceptor of this study, is a prostitute, describing herself as a businesswoman, with large holdings in international and domestic enterprises, some of which result from her association with Subjects *A* and *B*. Upon examination, subject was found to be suffering from so-called Lily of the Valley syndrome, a rare form of impaction, in which the hymen grows back due to postmenopausal stress. Subject's financial status is considered acceptable, being found to be within critical levels of 120 to 200 million units.

Subject C had commissioned this study in order to improve her financial status with particular regard to the number of units available in potential transplants, and with special concern being devoted to the life-expectancy and/or income-expectancy of those subjects. Accordingly, possible subjects have been

rated both in terms of demise-potential and unit-potential (in hundreds of millions). Subject has indicated that her goal in terms of financial stability is not to be less than one thousand million units (one billion). (These figures are those established by the American Medical Association as the appropriate minimum for a subject in her category.)

Subject *D*, born in 1905, is a recluse, an aviator, and a businessman sometimes associated with American interests though not necessarily on American soil. Subject typically has shown considerable interest in women, without any accompanying desire to consummate relationships in the conventional manner. Demise-potential excellent. Present financial status, subject to domestic review, in the region of 2 to 3 billion units.

Subject *E*, born in 1892, is an oil executive of considerable influence. Medical studies show an almost complete lack of concern with any females with whom he has contracted prior arrangements. Subject exhibits no sensitivity to bodily orifices, with the possible exception of the ear. Current financial status believed to be in the area of 2 to 3 billion units. **T.H.**

Cover: Dick Frank receives this month's 0 mm. *kadusa*, for having the foresight to lodge a Hasselblad in his pancreas. □

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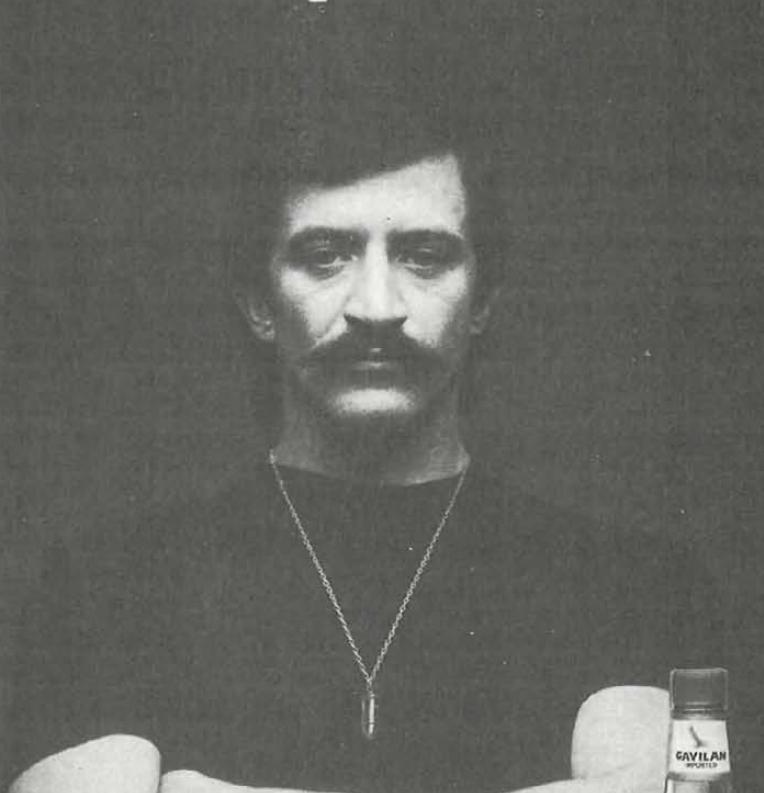
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Mexico's classic tequila is Numero Uno in N.Y.

80/86 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc. Great Neck, New York 10021. © 1975



My Monkeys,

Salutations from cloud-crowned Nepal—shining Ft. Lauderdale of the Orient!

Now, as Father Sun goes down on Mother India nearby, the sunlit peaks of the Himalayas shade the ancient city of Katmandu. And truly as do the postcards describe, is it a city of contrasts—where American flower-vagrants and B.A. hotpants stewardesses rub Datsun to Datsun through the drive-in American Express office. All this amid the pungent incense of much humanity and yak excrement, and, as if a miracle, all yet under one similar sky within earshot of the Great Buddha of Kamalonganbimapardhidal's golden nose holes.

What, as many of you youth with much difficulty might be putting it, a scene.

Baba has been indeed at every moment occupied with his Baba Rum Raisin Cultural Exchange Concert Series—kindly arranged by a high-placed cousin of Mine responsible only to Indira Gandhi for the cleanliness of her Supp-hose and in collusion with My very fine manager Mr. Morty Taumicbaum. Many crowds of happy faces greet Baba and His touring caravan as both colorfully-costumed Baba Rum Raisinettes and megadeath-dealing amps are born high atop the heads of economy Sherpa backpackers through twisting mountain passes. Unfortunately, at the border crossing, Baba's last nine Sherpas are discovered to contain neither amps nor Baba Rum Raisin Official T-shirts but instead great quantities of illegal substances with a street value of three hundred authentic Gurka knives, forty yaks rich in butterfat, or thirty women of the region similarly blessed, whatever comes first—and let me say that, in the isolated snowblinded hamlets high in the mountains, may it not, to please

the gods, upon occasion be the yak?

Here, as I tap tap in this high mountain cave, warmed only by the fine bleach-faded thigh of the popular song-stylist Ms. Joni Mitchell and the rapid dogbreaths of fine ex-Beatle George Harrison, and as we three maintain a polite distance from our hostess, a sleeping female *yeti* boasting both the charm and disposition of a rogue Volkswagen Thing, your Baba is distracted from his meditations. Our simply-furnished lair is warm, but between this abominable snow-person's fine mound of human skulls, smashed prayer-wheels, gnawed Zippo lighters, and uneaten feces, plus not to rudely omit Mr. George Dog-lungs of which Baba spoke before, to offer only a small particle of the fact, the air is indeed growing a bit close.

But Baba, regular readers of Baba's regrettably overdue monthly *Newsletter* (bad mail) may here interrupt, but first pulling forelock or skin as is appropriate, if the cave is thus unworthy, why does not Baba and at least our faverave Ms. Joni thank hairy homemaker personthing and, as to say in our perky teen tongue-fu, like split? Also, my best Baba, what is the cause of so much odor-cramping in the starting-place? Like. Also, you may ask in your usual half-lotus fashion, where is my Official Baba Rum Raisin T-shirt with special 3-D day-glo-in-the-dark "magic" winking third eye? For whom have I somehow received instead, blessed Baba, your equally valuable autograph on the back of my canceled check?

Hush, my puppies! Ms. Mitchell, who has been patiently stringing triple-A quality temple balls on shoecord from Baba's Adidas to make a lucky necklace for next border crossing, pauses in her artsy-crafting to inform Baba that the gunfire from the valley below is now coming from two directions. Using fine signal-mirror attachment on fine Baba Rum Raisin Official Decoder Secret Fun Ring (Shiva, Goddess of Rainy-Day Amusements, suggests order this today or again if first Fun Ring lies already in high-impact pieces), Baba sees over the cave ledge that the Nepalese Narcotic Strike Force and Interpol paracommendos are still happily pinned down by Red Communist Chinese heavy mortar blossoms. Such a sight and sound in the valley below! As in 2001 only that the happy ending is yet to be seen. Although the narcs as you call them have yet been unable to launch inquisitive illegal-substance-seeking missiles in these silly directions, the small red cap stars and the many small yellow men in quilted sleepwear under those fine caps draw themselves nearer—possibly to invite Baba for fine Concert with fine Red

continued

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1 1/2 oz. Gavilan Tequila
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About a Half Can of Beer
Some Salt

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R1

360 degrees of Unadulterated 4-Channel Sound

At last there's a quadraphonic headphone that really works—Telephonics TEL-101F. Based on a new scientific technique (the patented "Fixler Effect"), the TEL-101F creates true separation from four-channel sources and provides all the ambience and realism of unadulterated 4-channel sound.

- In Popular Mechanics, Robert Angus said, "Fixler Headphones—the only one we've found that really reproduces the 4-Channel speaker experience...the sensation was exactly that of listening to a good four channel speaker array." According to Popular Science's John R. Free, "These 'Fixler-Effect' 4-Channel Headphones 'really worked best'." And...the Len Feldman Report in Tape Deck Quarterly says, "The quadraphonic effect is not only unmistakable; it is thrilling...it's the first set of 4-Channel phones we have ever heard that actually give a satisfactory 4-Channel effect."
- A QUADBLEND™ control allows you to adjust the sound from your 4-channel source to suit your particular mood—either intimate or fully orchestrated.
- You'll be buying the only headphone with true separation within a full circle of 4-channel sound.

Telephonics TEL-101F

continued

Guards Youth Chorus on stage in Peking People's Ministry of Fun? A thought.

Yes, it is here on this fine courtesy Crystal Hotel stationery that Baba freely affirms in generous quantities of candor, before dangerous mistakes are made by who might soon read this, that the healthful and well-rounded Red Guards of the fine low-cost People's Fine Communist Republicans of China are examples of youth to all other, less-exemplified Dr. Pepper-and-Dad's-Torino capitalist teen jackal scamps. This Baba assuredly feels and is not a spy or looking for troubles or has ever knowingly accepted uncommunist dollars from the Central Intelligent Agent in his neighborhood or ashram*. A very many dollars, at least, this matter is at a certainty.

Further disfornancy. It is fated that your Baba will not long continue this Newsletter. Mr. Harrison's constant chanting of the name of Eric Clapton (and a quantity of extra non-printing vocabulary, too) has disturbed the slumber of our lairmate. Poor Mr. Harrison should eat something soon. This typewriter?

* Special Baba Rum Raisin Newsbulletin to Santa Barbara Chapter, Ashram #344: Dave, it is most unfortunately the new one from "San Diego" with the white socks who says he is called Frodo Narcname. As I thought.



A DIVISION OF INSTRUMENT SYSTEMS CORPORATION

Telephonics

770 Park Avenue, Huntington, N.Y. 11743

the selfsame mountain nook herein described with your Babahood?

Questions, questions.

Does not the Baba Rum Raisin Official Poster of the Five Fine Behaviors speak of Asking Too Many of these?

What is the use of knowing at which fine folkbar Baba first encountered Ms. Mitchell, and the name of the powder this your Baba slipped into her Banana Fizz?

To what end would Baba relate how he, in the originality, rescued Mr. Harrison from angry Nepalese glitter-raga youths when, despite their betelnut minds, they swiftly saw that Ravi Shanker was, for the facts, up close not an Indian at all, but only a Greek (or was it the youth said "geek"?—what is this word?) from Brooklyn, where, I gather, they, too, grow swart and short.

Also, many may be asking how came the yeti into this, or, too, we the yet? Are Ms. Mitchell's fine breasts as small as they look on the albums? But are they firm?

And what of the yeti? And George? Would he know?

Questions, questions. Festive flares are now shooting up to the sky, and it appears they are finding the range. And still these silly questions, you silly monkeys!

!!!! One Last Time Special Offer !!!!

Yes, oh Baba you fine spiritual guide with the accent on youth! Please rush me all the spicy and interesting answers to my questions as to the meaning of this tale and its logical (and fine exciting) points, explanations, and thrilling conclusion! To learn all these things I will not miss the \$5 (five dollar bill, no stamps or illegal materials, please) plus and most importantly calling my parents' congressman in Washington on their credit card and having him find what has happened to Baba if we do not hear by the time we read this.

This is my money:

Name Zip
Address
Money

To:
Baba Rum Raisin
American Express
Katmandu, Nepal

Number of times I promise to call congressman

Yes, Baba, I want the free T-shirt that will help me get out of homework if I call him 10 (ten) times a day. Yes

This is all for now. Ms. Mitchell is getting cranky and Mr. Harrison's screams are attracting fuzz and pink chinklets. I joke to Ms. Mitchell is it not fine that the affectionate yeti is not a dyke on top, but no laugh here, as the naughty grenade has returned fizzing good as new.

Perhaps you will send coupons and

concerned calls quicker than you think!

Join the Find-the-Baba Contest, everyone! The more phonecalls, the more fun! No shyness necessary!

There is one reborn every minute,

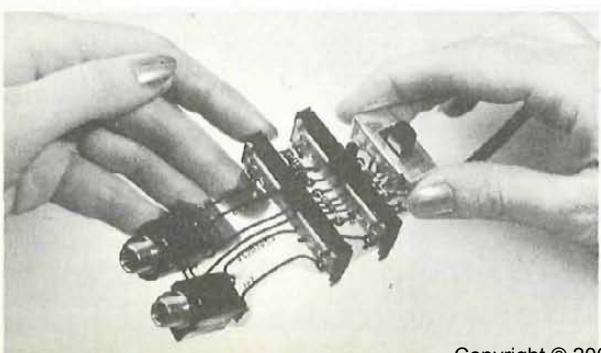
BABA BABA



"If it wasn't for you, I think I would have gone mad."

Be Your Own Sound Engineer

Use the QUADRAMATE™ adaptor to achieve 360 degrees of unadulterated 4-channel sound from your 2-channel system.



Telephonics TEL-101A QUADRAMATE when added to your "Fixler Effect" headphone instantly creates 4-channel sound from **any stereo system**. The QUADRAMATE adaptor accurately decodes, processes and produces hidden stereo signals never heard on your conventional stereo outfit. The perspective and focus controls offer you an infinite number of possible combinations and spatial effects. These controls allow you to change QUADRAMATE's mathematical equation and let you adjust the size of the room and your distance from the artist.

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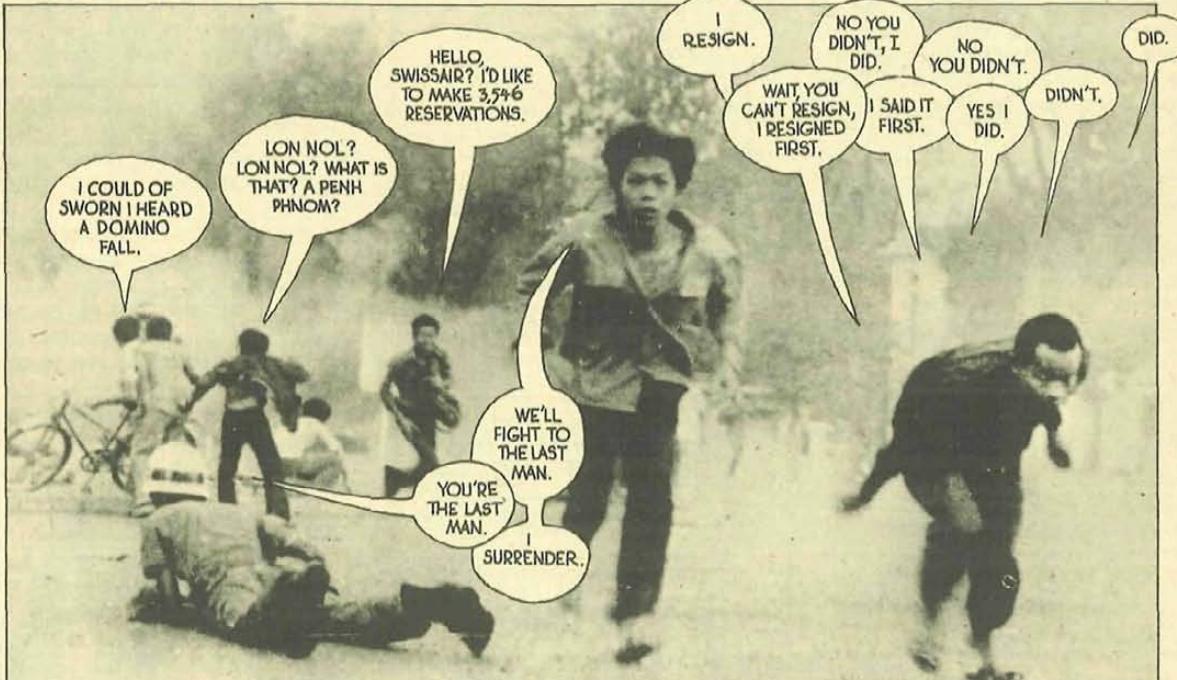
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NEWS ON THE MARCH

MAY, 1975

VOLUME 1, NO. LXII

The Cave at the End of the Tunnel **HUMILIATING DEFEAT WITH HONOR**



HISTORIC VOTE: SENATE MODIFIES RULES THREE-FIFTHS CAN NOW END FILIBUSTER

OLD PROCEDURE CALLED FOR A TWO-THIRDS MAJORITY

LIBERALS jubilant at opportunity to bypass Mossback's

LEADERS JUBILANT AT OPPORTUNITY TO BITES MOSQUITOES, BUT SOME OBSERVERS PREDICT THAT CHANGE WILL HAVE LITTLE EFFECT:

BUT SOME OBSERVERS PREDICT THAT CHANGE WILL HAVE LITTLE EFFECT: COMPROMISE ON AMENDED RULES FORCED BY SEN. ALLEN WHO FILIBUTTERED AGAINST MOVE

OF THREE-FIFTHS OF WHOLE SENATE—SIXTY SENATORS IN CURRENT HUNDRED-MAN CHAMBER

WHEREAS UNDER OLD TWO-THIRDS RULE, MAJORITY WAS CALCULATED FROM THOSE

ACTUALLY PRESENT AND VOTING ON FLOOR OF SENATE:

IN PAST, CLOTURE WAS SUCCESSFULLY INVOKED WITH LESS THAN SIXTY SENATORS DUE TO ABSENCE OF
MANY MEMBERS FROM SENATE ON DAY OF VOTE

MANY MEMBERS FROM SENATE ON DAY OF VOTE.
NEW RULES MAKE IT NECESSARY TO GAIN SUPPORT IS AT LEAST SIXTY SENATORS REGARDLESS OF SIZE OF QUORUM IN

NEW RULES MAKE IT NECESSARY TO OBTAIN SUPPORT OF AT LEAST FIFTY SENATORS REGARDLESS OF SIZE OF QUORUM IN SENATE WHEN ATTEMPT TO SUE CAB IS MADE

NEVERTHELESS, RAILA ORGUA MARKS SIGNIFICANT MOVE BY TUNING INSTITUTE'S ATTENTION TO STREAMLINE PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICES IN PART OF HIS BUDGET DEDICATED TO GOVERNMENT

NOTIFICATION IN SECURITY RISK COMMITTEE, AUTHORITY, AND PRINCIPAL AND INSURANCE COVERAGE CONSIDERED-ONCE A MATTER OF THIS AD
NOTICE IS DETERMINED AND NOTIFICATION IS MADE

THESE ACTS ARE DRAFTED AS PARTS OF RECENT AND ACTS EDITED BY EXECUTIVE TO MAINTAIN AUTHORITY AND REIGN FUTUR. PRACTICE NOT TO EXECUTIVE BANISH DURING ADMINISTRATIONS OF PRESIDENTS BUSH, GEORGE, AND BUSH.

WE DO OUR HOUSEKEEPING PROFESSIONALLY, INCREASE EFFICIENCY BY SIMPLIFYING WORK OR OPERATIONS, WHICH MAKES IT EASY TO SPREAD FEES AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF LEADERSHIP VACANCIES IN FINANCIAL ADMINISTRATION TO ENHANCE TRADITIONALLY CONVENTIONAL ROLE OF DISSEMINATING LEGISLATION

1990-1991: *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*

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continued

The recent series of financial crises plaguing New York City—crises blamed by many on decisions made in past months by leading banking institutions like the Chase Manhattan, First National City, Morgan Guaranty, and Manufacturers Hanover to allow the huge New York State Urban Development Corporation to go bankrupt with its thousands of desperately needed units of moderately priced housing half finished, to demand unprecedented rates of interest on the city's municipal bonds, and even, in one instance, to refuse outright to handle a city bond issue at all because of doubts about the city's ability to back it with real estate taxes—have severely shaken confidence in the financial stability of the giant metropolis and left in the public mind the impression of the nation's largest urban center at the mercy of a handful of banks.

The administration of New York mayor Abraham Beame has, however, acted with uncharacteristic swiftness to persuade the top banks—all of which have their headquarters in Manhattan—to adopt a more constructive attitude towards the city's short-range problems and to acquaint them with the many benefits of cooperating with the city to insure its continued fiscal health.

Among the actions taken by the City government in the last few weeks:

- Over 600 fire inspectors visited what one bank official described as "virtually every single branch" of the Chase Manhattan Bank and issued summonses for a host of violations, including "the presence of large piles of flammable paper of various sorts, specifically currency, checks, bonds, and other notes, in public banking areas" which, according to a department report, could "easily become ignited by a spark from the toasters, irons, TV sets, and other appliances in the banks' windows" where they are displayed as an enticement for new customers to open accounts. The Fire Department ordered Chase to remove the fire hazards within five working days or close the affected branches.

- Representatives of the Police Department met with top officers of the First National City Bank to discuss with them the large number of robberies—seven thus far this year—in that bank's branches. Citing a statute which permits the city to close business establishments which "attract a criminal element," Deputy Police Commissioner Warren De Marco criticized First National for conducting an operation patronized by "thieves, gunmen, and underworld types," and refused to rule out a per-

manent ban on the bank's activities in the city if the pattern of often violent crime associated with its regular business continued.

- A New York City Department of Health Inspection team has recommended that the doors of vaults in the city's banks be removed to prevent possible suffocation of persons who become trapped inside. "These things are just like those refrigerators in junk heaps kids get caught in," commented Health Commissioner Louis Katz. "Anybody could wander in, and presto! slam goes the door, and he's a goner." When a senior officer of one bank produced statistics showing that not one fatality has resulted from a vault suffocation in New York in thirty-seven years, Katz insisted that the safety record was the result of "sheer luck," adding, "There's always a first time."

- The New York City Bureau of Records has discovered that due to an improperly executed title deed transfer in 1805, compounded by a surveyor's error in 1836 and an obscure State Supreme Court ruling in 1851 (*Oyster Bay Packet Boat Co. v. Hutchinson et al.*), twenty-four feet of the southern side of the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co.'s new downtown office building on Water Street rest on landfill built on a pier formerly owned by a shipping company which was legally seized over a century ago by the city for nonpayment of taxes.

A spokesman for the New York City Department of Parks, Recreation, and Culture said that the plot of land involved—about two feet wide by two hundred and fifty feet long—would make "a superb public promenade" and that the department would immediately seek an appropriation from City Hall for the minipark so that "we can get right ahead with building it once Manufacturers has finished demolition of the affected portion of its structure."

Sources close to Secretary Kissinger report that a concerted effort was made in March and April of this year to sell all or part of the war in Vietnam to the Shah of Iran. The Shah, who recently bought a sizable interest in Pan American World Airways and who has been shopping for other high-prestige items in which to invest his country's vast oil profits, was reportedly "quite interested" in the offer, but negotiations broke down about three weeks ago over financial details of the transaction. American State Department officials had made the proposal immediately following the Shah's sudden decision to settle his long-standing feud with Iraq and cease supporting the Kurdish rebels who had sought to create an independent Kurdistan out of the northern portion of that country. They had figured—correctly, as it turned



out—that the Shah would be anxious to find another international conflict to replace the Iraqi confrontation in order to make up for the considerable loss of national stature which Iran suffered when it no longer had a war.

"The Shah has a vision of Iran as a major nation-state," observed one senior State Department undersecretary privy to the negotiations; "he can easily afford a major conventional shooting war, and once Congress refused to come up with the money to bail out Saigon, it seemed prudent to approach the Shah and offer him a piece of Vietnam."

Under the State Department proposal, the Shah would have received a controlling interest in the thirty-year-old belligerency for \$800 million in cash, with an option to buy the hostilities outright in three years. Presumably, Iranian troops would have been involved in the deal, and senior Iranian military officials would have been given a majority voice on the U.S. Army's Military Assistance Command, Vietnam. Whether the war's headquarters would have been shifted to Teheran is unknown.

State Department insiders insist the deal isn't dead yet, in spite of the Shah's having balked at the high dollar figure. Secretary Kissinger has been personally involved in the take-over proposal (according to one associate of the Secretary of State, Kissinger recently sent the Shah a list of countries like Canada, Mexico, Burundi, Upper Volta, and Bhutan, that have not been engaged in military operations in this century, and one with nations like the U.S., the United Kingdom, and China, which have, and asked him on which list he would like to see Iran) and he is known to feel that if the U.S. side can throw in a "sweetener"—one possible one would be to allow Savak, the Iranian equivalent of the Central Intelligence Agency, to take over from the CIA effective domination of Chile—the Shah will go for the deal.

If, as has been reported, former President Nixon is genuinely interested in some sort of position in the foreign affairs field, it seems only fair that he should be given serious consideration when a selection is made to fill the now-vacant post of Honorary Consul in Argentina. □

NOTIONS AND LOTIONS
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Canadian Corner.



In the course of an otherwise genteel conversation, a sensitive and intelligent American (the strict but fair copy editor of a national magazine whose name you'd recognize in a moment) chanced to inquire whether Canadians write poetry; and, when pressed, admitted that she did not know there was any Canadian literature.

Moved rather to pity than to censure, I composed the following reply. This one is for Louise:

Of course, Canadians write poetry. Sweet suffering muses, do they ever. Poetry is Canada's second greatest natural resource. I say second greatest on the assumption that persons more expert than myself can distinguish it from natural gas.

No basement printing press, no Xerox or Gestetner gets a moment's peace north of the forty-ninth parallel, but they are kept busy churning out little magazines of verse, whose titles are invariably letters of the Greek alphabet.

Some Canadian bards—the Apolionians—write poetry (and let it be known they write poetry, i.e., publish) in the hopes that their neighbors will henceforth think of them as *sensitive*, rather than timid. An example of the genre:

At dawn I heard
A seagull scream
In the sky over Moosenee, Ont.
And nearly wept.
Oh, sister gull, my heart
Like you is landlocked, and
Like you,
Sings.

Others—the Dionysians—find in poetry the ideal mode of expression for such emotions as anger and lust; urges which, if not cast in verse, might lead to revolution or fornication. Their work tends to the virile, the hard-bitten, yet is, withal, Romantic. *Viz:*

This one is for Catullus, and for the ladies of Cote St. Luc and of a certain age, their daughters engaged, their sons in med school. You enter menopause via my modern poetry lectures at Sir George Williams University. Little do your wholesale hubbies

suspect what steamy teen-age fantasies we entertain over Yeats and coffee.

Occasionally, and in fact with increasing frequency, the young poets of Canada burst the Guttenberg-forged fetters of print, and sing. Self-accompanied, upon the guitar. Through the dauntless efforts of Joni and Gorden and Neil and, of course, Leonard, sentiments and metaphors which a mere generation ago would have enthralled only the elite, now fill the F.M. airwaves and, through the miracle of Muzak, translate a simple elevator ride into an ascent of Parnassus.

And prose! Prose in Canada is written by the ream, the bolt, the acre. I am given to understand that New Zealand is the only other country on earth in which a high school graduate can still sit down at the typewriter, write a short story, and get up feeling as if he or she has done a full day's work.

While American publishers hunt, relentless as Ahab, for the Great American Novel, Canadian editors, like Newfie squid-jiggers, lower their nets in hope of catching the Great Canadian Short Story.

Canadian short stories start this way:

"Gary?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing," I said.

He was looking out the window, at the falling snow.

"It must have been something," he said.

"I'm sorry about the baby," I said.

The snow still fell beyond the window, and suddenly I felt cold.

Canadian short stories end this way:

"It doesn't matter," I said, and put out my cigarette. "It doesn't matter at all." And I put on my coat and went out into the snow.

Of the novel, it is perhaps best not to speak.

And as for the drama—surely there has not been, since the London of the late, lamented Liz, a better time or place for playwrights than Canada today! In 1967, to celebrate her Centennial, Canada broke out in a rash of playhouses, large prestressed concrete things which blossomed overnight, an acne of architectural curiosities upon the face of the nation on the occasion of her cultural adolescence.

Now, every Confederation Memorial Arts Complex and Theatre, from Charlottown to the Queen Charlots,

gapes, aching to be filled, if never by audiences, at least by performances.

In Toronto, the recent success of a number of "kitchen sink" plays might be, in part, attributable to the recent addition of kitchen sinks to some of the better homes in that city. Art following in the van of technology, as that city's seer, Marshall McLuhan, had predicted.

Why then, one asks oneself, given this blizzard of manuscripts, this outpouring of literature like nothing since the Irish Renaissance (the Canuk Twilight?)—why is so little notice taken of Canadian Lit. abroad, or, in the Academies, at home?

The answer lies in history. It is an axiom among the liberally educated that those who will not learn from history are condemned to switch to business administration. History teaches us that English Literature was not taken seriously, nor studied in the Universities of England, when Shakespeare, Swift, or Jane Austen wrote. It was not until, in the early Twentieth Century, scholars unearthed Old English and Middle English, a vast quantity of boring, obscure, illegible and pointless manuscripts, that Eng. Lit. could be taken seriously—that is, read for purposes that could in no way be confused with pleasure or information.

Once it was established that there was a sufficient volume of writing in the mother tongue as tedious, wrong-headed, superstitious, meandering, and difficult as anything the Greek and Roman Classics had to offer, Eng. Lit. was "in."

Much the same thing happened in the United States. American Literature was neither taught nor learned when Whitman, Twain, and Melville were writing it. It became suitable for conversation among the learned, for scholarly journals, for grants and inclusion in curriculæ, only when the professors had gleaned works by obscure pedants, fanatics, and fools—Mather, Freneau, and Bradstreet—works so alien, gnarled, weird, and soporific that clearly no one could be suspected of reading them for instruction or delight.

There will be no academic recognition of Canadian Literature until the Chairmen of Departments and Editors of Journals can be presented with a library of dog-eared folios which, in the real world, could be of conceivable interest only to a graphologist, a masochist, or an archeologist. Canadian writers must create, here and now, the cannon of works constituting the Middle English period of Canadian Literature.

On birch bark, wherever possible, in a crabbéd hand, and crammed with absurd grammatical errors and mis-

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But it doesn't have to be.

It's too late for him. Painful daily treatments are his only hope.

It could have been a lot different. If he had only acted sooner and paid a visit to the proper people, all of this would not be necessary. He can't even take a weekend trip without that man and that machine going along.

Life can be beautiful, but only if we look after ourselves. Don't take chances. If you think something is wrong, do something about it.

This has been a public service message from the subscription department of the National Lampoon, which urges you to look after yourself. We can't make you laugh if you're really sick.

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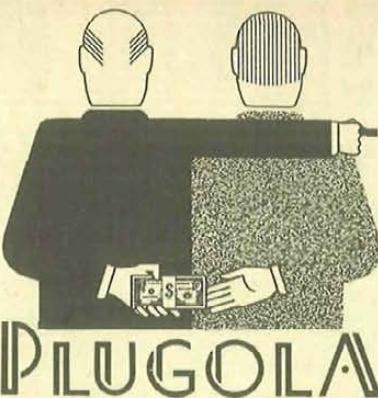
continued

spellings, upon a suitably Canadian topic: Sir Gawaine and the Greene Beaver, the Sea-way Farer, and (from the Alberta Cycle) Piers Cowhand spring to mind.

For my part, I propose to become the Canadian Chaucer, and have begun the Loganberry Tales, a saga narrated by a courrier de bois, a leftover Viking, an escaped French convict, a scalped Jesuit, an Iroquois—in short, a cross-section of medieval Canadian society—on route to a shrine south of the border, where they will do homage to an American dollar:

Whan that Aprille with her sleet
and snowe
Unto the driftes of Marche hath
added mo,
And keens the gayle and blowth
the Northern blizzard
That yaf an ague unto every
gizzard,
The fields, frizz al with frosts yen
for the boone
Of Springe's first thawe that
cometh in late June,
Upon the pyne sleypen Oookpik
the Owle
Bayvers doze yette, though starved
wolffes growle,
Then longen folke on pilgrimage
to go
To Plattsburgh towne or eke to
Buffalo.

S.K.



In our tireless pursuit of the true, the beautiful, and the good, we Lampoon people sometimes overindulge in—well, let's face it—destructive criticism. And, as everybody knows, it's a lot easier to tear down than to build up. This continuing feature is an attempt, on our part, to say something nice. To praise, when praise is due, those people, products, and services we have had the good fortune to sample and enjoy. Under no circumstances will our judgment be colored or influenced by the "free" aspect of the test sample—but, on the other hand, it's difficult to give a really good, objective review to something you haven't experienced.

A lot of people think exotic British sports cars aren't worth shit anymore. Mind you, that's not necessarily my opinion—it's just what I hear people saying. Myself, well, I don't like to make hasty decisions. I'm a responsible person. I know the *NatLamp* carries a lot of weight with the ever-more-affluent youth market. And it'd be nothing but false modesty if I said my views didn't have a big effect on the magazine's editorial slant. Especially about cars. Bruce McCall and I make all the decisions about cars around here. And if Bruce and I were to get a notion in our heads about certain automobiles . . . a notion, say for instance, like, "exotic British sports cars aren't worth shit anymore" . . . we'd probably splash that notion all over the pages of the *National Lampoon* and before you knew it that would be every young American's opinion. So I'm not making any snap judgments. And I'm not saying I believe all those stories about engines falling out of Jensen-Healeys or Aston Martins exploding at stoplights or TVRs all catching fire if you turn on the map light and the radio at the same time or even that one about termites in the Morgan factory. Not until I have all the facts, the way I

do about Fiat's fabulous new X 1/9. Maybe the X 1/9 isn't rare or race-bred, but the design is superb, the craftsmanship excellent, the handling divine, and the color is a deep, rich, chocolate brown that I can't imagine how the factory knew was my favorite. In fact, my only complaint is that all the bothersome, power-robbing emissions-control systems "just fell off" the moment I started the engine and "had to be replaced" by a full set of Abarth cams, pistons, valves, and exhaust headers, and a pair of dual Webers with custom-built manifold at no cost to me. (Maybe it's not quite legal, but the stupid New York State Inspection station people will never know the dif.) Let me tell you, I love the Fiat X 1/9, and maybe I'm silly, but I don't think "life of the car" is too long to have an automobile to test drive at all. Probably, all you readers should buy one, but I'll let you know for sure as soon as I have all the facts on:

1. Morgan Plus 4 (with climax-prepared aluminum V-8, maroon with cream fenders)
2. Aston Martin (Canary yellow, Shooting Brake)
3. Jensen-Healey (decamber front end 3°, Konis all around and a spoiler)
4. TVR (in silver with Blaupunkt AM/FM, please)

(A thousand in small bills will take care of McCall.)

P.J.O.R.

I am told The Venus Touch massage parlor on East 59th Street offers a refreshing and delightful pause for the weary. I would like to attest to this but cannot, never having sufficient funds with which to gain admittance. However, if said establishment's services were made available on a trial basis, I'm sure I'd be a most gracious and satisfied reviewer.

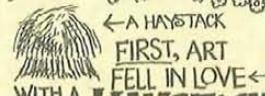
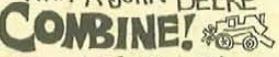
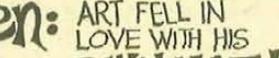
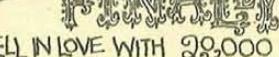
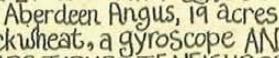
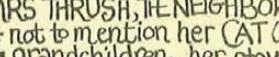
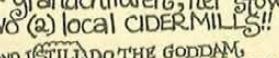
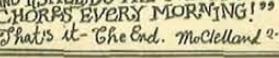
P.K.

There is good news this month for Canadian music lovers. In its wisdom, something called the CRTC ordained, some time ago, that the songs which grace the Canadian airwaves must be, in large part, Canadian in origin, lest the hidden references to *Time* and the *Reader's Digest*, buried in the lyrics of many an American tune, corrupt the true patriotic love commanded of all Canada's sons. As a direct result, Ian Tyson has become one of the richest men on earth, and some pretty lame music has received a lot of airplay.

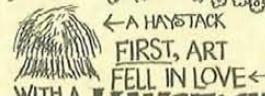
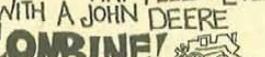
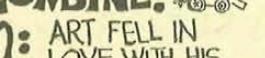
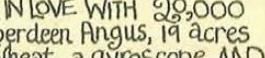
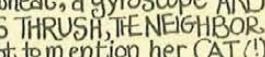
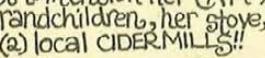
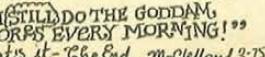
But those days are over. The experiment—to force Canadian youth to produce pop music as mindless and boring as anything the rest of the

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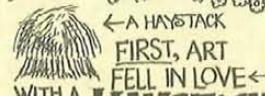
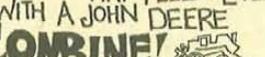
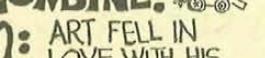
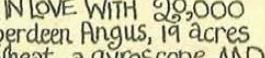
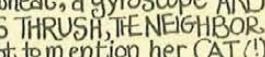
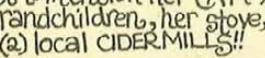
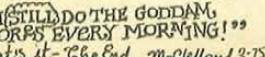
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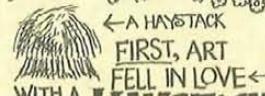
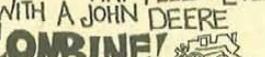
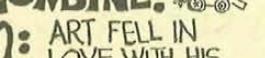
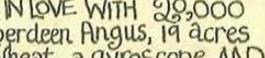
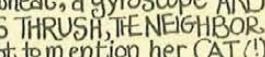
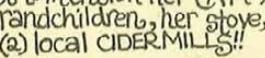
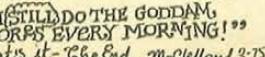
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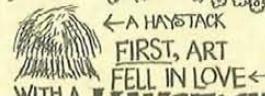
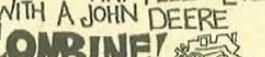
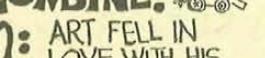
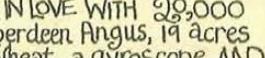
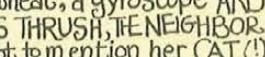
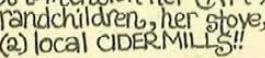
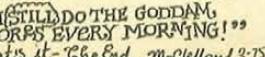
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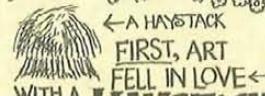
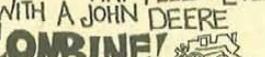
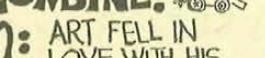
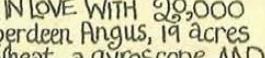
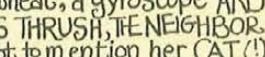
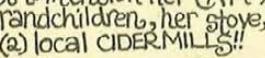
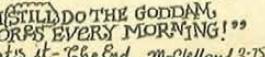
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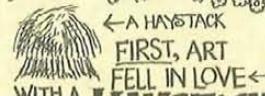
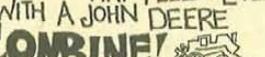
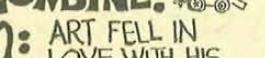
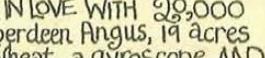
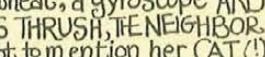
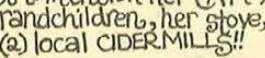
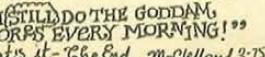
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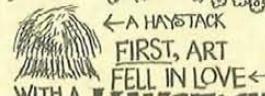
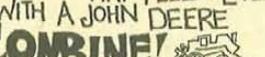
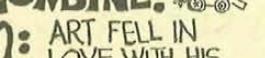
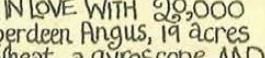
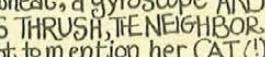
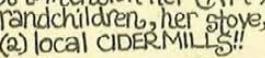
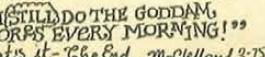
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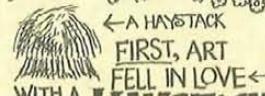
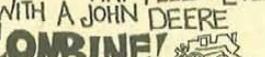
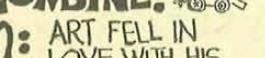
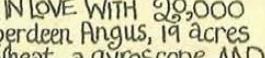
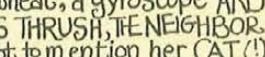
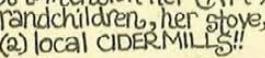
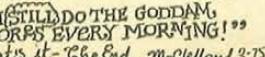
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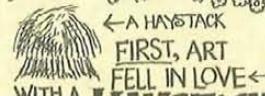
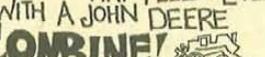
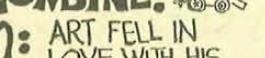
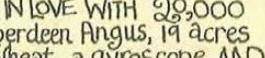
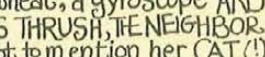
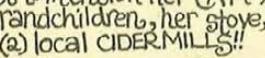
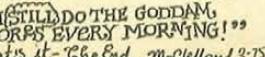
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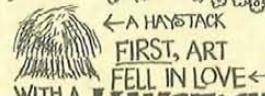
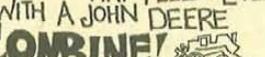
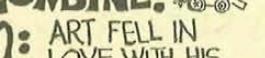
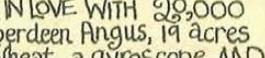
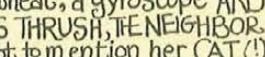
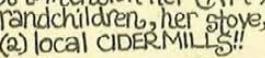
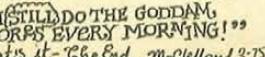
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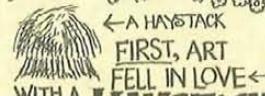
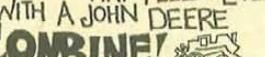
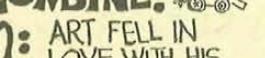
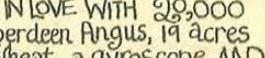
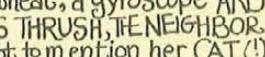
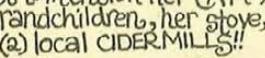
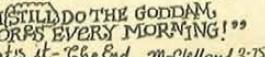
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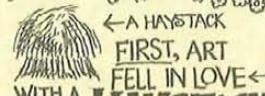
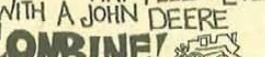
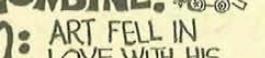
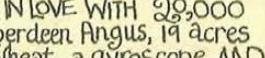
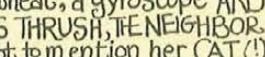
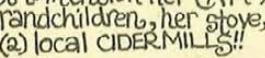
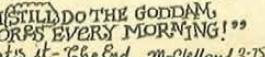
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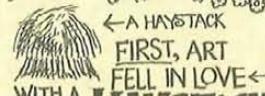
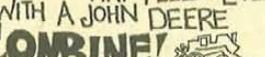
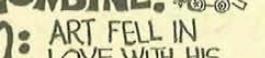
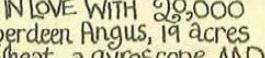
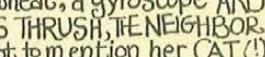
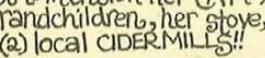
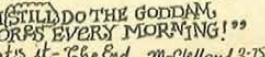
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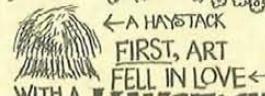
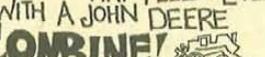
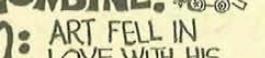
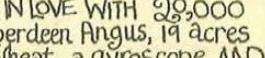
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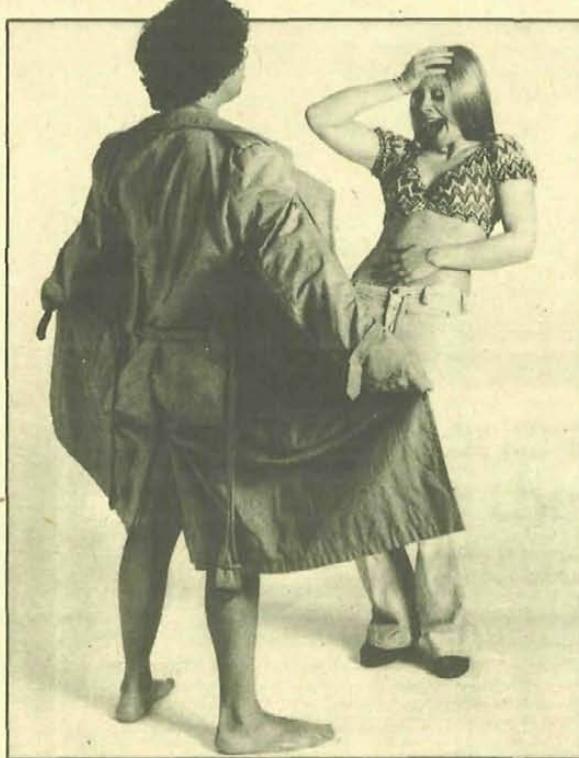
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Ivan Reitman presents

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SHOW



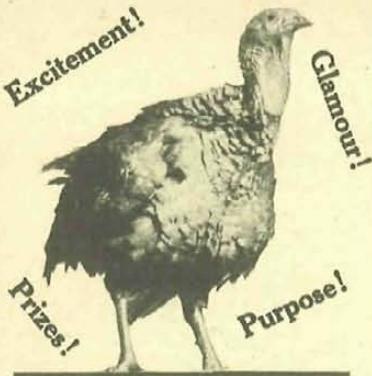
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at New York's newest cabaret theatre**

The New Paladium

In the Time-Life Building, 120 West 51 St. (212) 974-6740

Laughs! Music! Burgers! Lust!

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Name That Contest

Competition and rugged individualism are the passwords in this exciting contest. The rules are simple and the prizes big. Just like real life.

★ Contest Rules ★

All you have to do is come up with a contest idea involving Gold Turkey. On the other hand, if you can't come up with a Gold Turkey idea, don't. We don't really care! When you get right down to it, any good contest idea will do. It's the thought that counts. Spelling also counts.

★ Prizes ★

First Prize

First Prize will be selected by our expert panel (no bribe is too small).

1. Round trip tickets for two to New York City (a leading metropolis).
2. Dinner for two plus tickets to the all new National Lampoon Show, live at the New Palladium.
3. You and your escort will be offered a chance to appear in Foto Funnies (or similar National Lampoon feature).
4. You get to spend one hour talking with Mr. Gold Turkey himself, Brian McConnachie, Sr., Lampoon Editor, world renowned raconteur, bon vivant and drinker.

Second Prize

50 entrants will receive one year subscriptions to National Lampoon.

Third Prize

Once you get down this far, it's really not worth a prize.

Of course, this contest is void where prohibited by law. Contest closes June 6, 1975.

Send to: National Lampoon Dept PR
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



- A one-legged, seventy-one-year-old woman in London got into her special invalid car, ran over her lodger, and then died when her car went out of control, burst into flames, and exploded.

Police reported that Miss Esther O'Keefe of Dagenham, in northeast London, had a violent argument with her lodger, Miss Marion Marsh, thirty-nine. Miss Marsh left the house and went to a nearby park. Miss O'Keefe followed her in her specially-made, single seat, gasoline-driven invalid car. She chased her lodger for five miles before knocking her down.

Two men lifted the car off Miss Marsh, but Miss O'Keefe sped off; then the car spun out of control, burst into flames, and blew up. Miss O'Keefe died in a hospital of burns. Miss Marsh was treated for shock and bruises. *Vancouver Sun* (A. Renwick)

- While Miodrag Ivanovic, a candlemaker in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, was reading the paper in the living room of the building that serves as both his house and his shop, a cow fell through the ceiling.

The cow had escaped from a slaughterhouse in Kraljevo, south of Belgrade. It ended up in a park in Belgrade, and after being cornered by pursuers, it ran down a street, climbed up a pile of lumber stacked next to Mr. Ivanovic's house, and scampered onto his roof, which then collapsed, causing several hundred dollars in damage.

Butchers dispatched the troublesome quadruped with a humane-killer pistol, but glasscutters had to be called in to dismantle Mr. Ivanovic's shop window when it was discovered that his front door was

too narrow for the carcass.

"What does one do," observed Mr. Ivanovic philosophically, "when a cow falls through your roof and lands on the couch next to where you're sitting?" *Associated Press* (Frank Brown)

- The sobering fact that available zoo statistics indicate that one elephant keeper has died for every calf elephant sired in a European zoo inspired Dr. Russell Jones, a research fellow at the London Zoo, to develop a method of inseminating female elephants without the need to directly involve a male or bull elephant, which is always a difficult beast to handle and at mating times is actually murderous.

Dr. Jones recently completed an African safari during which he devised a technique for obtaining elephant semen from bulls in the wild for eventual artificial insemination in females. His key equipment consisted of a large, custom-built aluminum probe and a twelve-volt car battery. After drugging the bull elephant by shooting it with a special dart rifle, Dr. Jones and his staff placed hats on the immobilized elephants' heads to shield their eyes from the sun during the operation, and then inserted the aluminum probe into the animal's rectum, attached the car battery to the probe, and sent a hefty electrical shock into its reproductive tract. About a liter of sperm was produced in this manner.

The sperm is preserved by mixing it with egg yolk, freezing it with liquid nitrogen, and placing it in plastic straws developed in France for storing bull semen. When it comes time to inseminate a female, the straws will be thawed out and fired into a female's uterus through a special polyethylene tube. *London Times* (Arthur Prager)

- After being taken to a desolate section of town and raped by the driver of a car she had stopped in the mistaken belief that it was a taxicab, a sixty-two-year-old Elizabeth, N.J., woman demanded that her attacker drive her home. According to police who interviewed her after the incident, her assailant complied. *Elizabeth Daily Journal* (M. Zabite)

A one-year subscription or the equivalent value in *National Lampoon* products will be given for items used. Send entries to: True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

Us Tareyton smokers
would rather fight than switch!



**Tareyton
is better.
Charcoal is why.**

Tareyton's activated charcoal
delivers a better taste.

A taste no plain white filter can match.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.
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We're on fire with joy and desire
We need your dough, that's truly so
When you pay your
We gotta make our
In the name of the
You just

Gold Turkey



Available on Epic records and tapes.
See page 24 for Gold Turkey contest rules.

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We gotta hit, make you throw a fit!
Gotta fill our quota and not with soda!
money, we get real funny!
goal, so open up your roll!
Lord, buy the record!
gotta!



Gold Turkey
The best and funniest moments
from the National Lampoon
Radio Hour.

world can come up with—has succeeded. An album called *Day Coach Rider*, by Paul Stoddart and Bruce Cockburn, arrived gratis and unsolicited in our offices last week, with a lovely lump of maple sugar enclosed. We loved the sugar, and even without giving the album a spin can assure our Canadian readers that they won't go far wrong in shelling out for this platter.

And a real winner, a sure shot, chart-bound all the way, is a single out of Montreal's Ko-Tai Music by a dynamite group called Morning Haze. Its title is "Too Bad," and the lyrics, which bridge the gap between Cole Porter and Peter Townsend, promise to make this baby a bullet.

S.K.

Copy editing is often a thankless task. Slaving over almost illegible manuscripts, working to make sense out of ungrammatical, unpunctuated, and misspelled copy, staying in the office until the wee hours trying to pull it all together while the editors carouse at some nearby pub (gratis, more often than not), often makes a copy editor desirous of impaling someone on his or her red pencil. He

(or more often, she) is the unsung, unthought-of hero/ine of the publishing industry, remaining steady and true at the helm of the editorial vessel while the editors get soured below. Writers may build the ship; but the copy editor keeps it afloat, so to speak. The fate of an editor's *chef d'œuvre* often rests in his/her timid grasp; and those nasty mistakes that crop up too often in magazine articles, inciting many a writer to frenzy or worse, may well result from a poor, overworked, underrewarded copy editor's exhaustion and, frankly, disgust.

It would also seem that the outside world ignores this often humble but supremely important member of the profession. Who receives tickets, record albums, liquor, and other complimentary niceties expressing public gratitude for a job well done? The editors. But who is left, unsung and unmourned, in a small, dingy office, to get that rag out, month after lonely month? The copy editor.

The above is not a plea for favors. Far from it. It is only one small voice, crying out for some understanding, some small crumb of recognition. Ads have been run upside-

down in the past; copy has, in the course of editing, become almost unrecognizable. After all, an upset copy editor often makes mistakes. Lots of them.

L.G.

How can we best characterize the principal tendencies in today's youth market? Simple, you say. Our young people want a new life, a better life; they want to "get away from it all," at least for a while. They exhibit a certain not altogether unjustified desire to get something for nothing. They like a good laugh. They like action. Above all, they display a renewed interest in the sea. How would an intelligent movie producer—not that any of the ones known to this writer lack ample supplies of the old gray matter—best exploit the new tide of feelings shown by youth in the seventies? Even simpler, you respond. Any producer with a brain in his head and a buck in the bank would cause to be set in motion the exciting and relatively inexpensive process of making a funny movie about pirates.

Not only would such an undertaking be assured of success, but

continued on page 63

LENNY BRUCE

His time has come!

Driven off the stage, busted and broken, his body dead but never his spirit, hypocrisy and stupidity dogged Lenny Bruce throughout his life.

But the last word is with the artist as always. He is beyond their control now, they cannot touch him and he can give the finger to society. He can no longer be silenced.

Hear the original screamingly funny sketches that made Lenny the greatest comic of our time, plus material never before on an LP.

Collected now in a Fantasy double LP set with an essay by Ralph J. Gleason and a free poster.

THE REAL LENNY BRUCE
(Fantasy F-79003)
available wherever records are sold.



Other albums by Lenny Bruce on Fantasy:

F-7001—Interviews of Our Time F-7003—Sick Humor

F-7007—Togetherness F-7011—American F-7012—Best of Lenny Bruce

Fantasy F-7017—Thank You Masked Man F-34201—Live at the Curran Theater

ASK DR. CIPHER

by Dr. Hugo Flesch

Send your mysterious communications, incomprehensible missives, coded dispatches, secret messages, and unintelligible cryptograms to Dr. Cipher, world's foremost authority, care of this magazine.

Mrs. R. C. Colak of Germaine, Wisconsin, here is your husband's final message:

VIF IB BSFL
COME AT ONCE
POBLE TOR DPNF
UNABLE TO SPELL

For Miss Nancy Claywell, a registered nurse here in New York, Leo wishes to privately convey the following:

RDTW YGE
CANNOT FIND
GXLJ QISMPI
READING GLASSES

Here is an interesting message from a recent college graduate:

TFU BUPLD GPS
I LOVED YOUR
RRNBS ABT
MOTHER FIRST

Mrs. B. F. Grackle of Teaboro, Massachusetts, your note was one of the easiest to unravel:

RPM IOU
RECORD OWES
DNA FDR
MOLECULE DIME

Incidentally, I'm sure you have a very nice boarding house. What would be the harm in letting the boys play cards out in the open?

Mrs. Maggie Weston of Wellington, Pennsylvania, your husband says:


SAFETY PINS READY FOR DIAPER HON

Playfully, he goes on:


SAFETY PINS MAKE WILLING PARTNERS

continued

The proud Basque peasant wears a shoe that's as rugged as the country he lives in.

Now Clarks brings this shoe to America, for men and women. It's so tough we call it the Rhino.



Clarks' Rhino is an incredibly tough-skinned canvas boot—almost as strong and sturdy as the hardy Basques themselves.

They must wear tough shoes like the Rhino, since they wrest their living from some of the most difficult terrain in Europe—the jagged, primitive Western Pyrenees that are criss-crossed with narrow defiles and high footpaths. So, the Basques must scale steep trails that often wind high beyond where even their sure-footed burros can go.

For a country like this, the Rhino is perfect. Its heavy two-ply canvas is welded to thick, vulcanized rubber soles that have treads as deep as a truck tire's.

If Rhinos can cling to the stone paths of the Pyrenees, they can hold their ground anywhere.

Incidentally, since the peaks of the Pyrenees catch every storm from the North, they are often drenched with moisture.

So a day spent climbing there would usually mean wet feet, except that the Rhino has a removable inner sole of natural hemp which, when wet, the Basques take out and dry over their campfires.

You could do the same, with your Rhinos.

You can wear your Rhinos anywhere. To town, to school, to work.

You can even wear them out to the barn—which may be the only way you can wear them out.



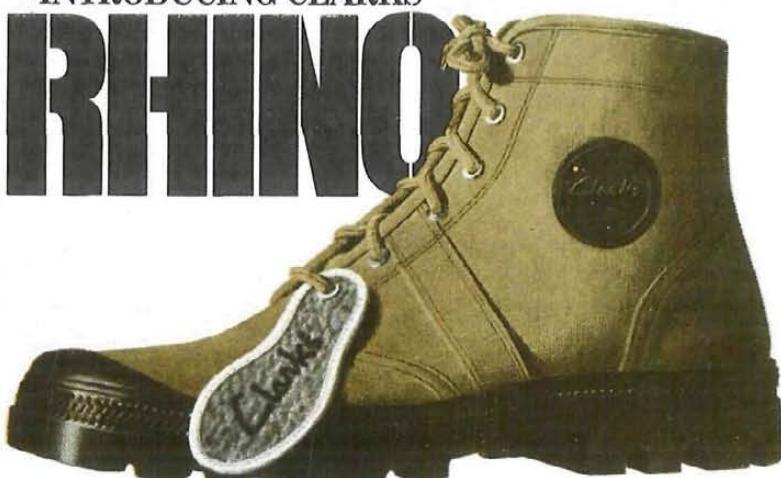
Clarks®

OF ENGLAND

Made by skilled hands the world over.

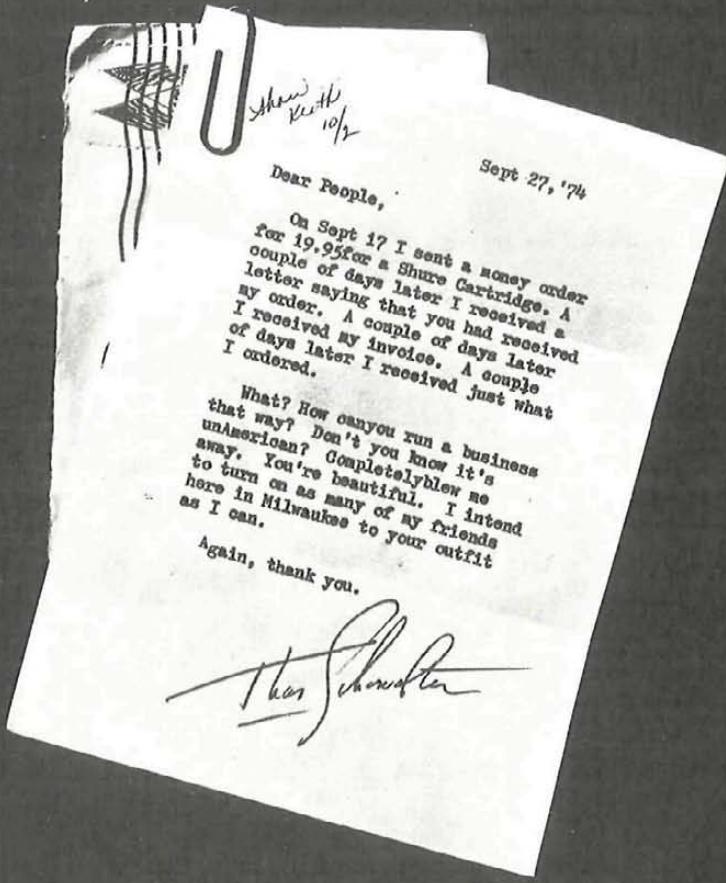
INTRODUCING CLARKS

RHINO



Clarks Rhino, available in Basque brown, blue denim and navy blue. Rugged low and high cut styles, an exceptional value at about \$25.00. For the store nearest you write to Clarks, Box 161, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022, Dept. RA

Warehouse Sound Co. EXPOSED!



I'm shocked! Can this really be happening right here in the US of A? Send me your new hi-fi catalog, Warehouse Sound, so I can get the TRUE story.

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

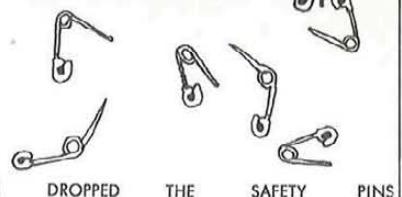
Send \$1 for first class postage and get either:

— Music Machine Almanac -120 pg. color hi-fi guide
— our 64-page Professional Products Catalog X-5
— or send \$2 and get all three!

OR call Randy, Don, Sonny or Joe at 805/543-2330
Railroad Square, P.O. Box S, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405

continued

Then concludes:



I DROPPED THE SAFETY PINS

Lee-Ann, your classmates' conversation went like this:

Willy: **OMECAY OVERWAY**
YOU ARE
OTWAY YMAY
A LATIN
OUSEHAY
PIG

Tom: **IXNAY CURVAY**
NO I'M
OUSEHAY
NOT (A LATIN PIG)

Willy: **SI YMAY**
YES YOU
OUSEHAY
ARE (A LATIN PIG)

Tom: **PUGILAY LACKBAY**
RAISE YOUR
EYEWAY
DUKES

I put in the part about the dukes myself, but it's obvious that that's where they were headed, Lee-Ann. Give the note to your teacher.

Dorothy Billings of Friendship, Connecticut, no, your husband doesn't believe your version of the car accident. He says:

<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
—	DOT	THAT
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
—	MUCH	DOTTIE

Confidential: M. L., your reply from D. S. is as follows:

<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DOT'S	FOR	SURE
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
DOLL BABY		

Mr. Arnold S. Blunt of New York City, you were indeed being robbed. Your message reads:

<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
GIMME	DOT

Ted, Frank wishes to say:

1	12	11	36	18	36
I	AM	GOING	WITH	ROXANNE	

Brad's report is:

1	12	11	18	16	41
I	AM	GOING	WITH	BEATRIX	

The message your brother sent to Frank was:

48	5
TOO	BAD

There are 159,090 reasons to buy it.

159,090 owners had their reasons for choosing a TEAC 1200/2300 series over any other tape deck. Universities, record companies, audio-philes, musicians, audio testing labs and recording studios—all with different reasons.

Yet all with the same reason: Reliability. The innovation behind this unparalleled performance record? TEAC's 3-motor/3-head tape transport system. (Three heads for the individual functions of erase, record and playback. And three motors, driving feed and takeup reels, and the capstan.)

Our 1230 became the yardstick of the industry. Our 2300S is the same but better, with significant electronic improvements. Total touch-button control with logic circuitry now enables you to shift instantly from fast forward to fast rewind, and to record from pause or directly from playback. With total remote capability. Bias and EQ switches adjust for the new tapes. And there's more. Check out the classic 2300S. And if you decide that it is unbeatable in performance and price, just remember—you're not alone.

The classic 2300S.

TEAC®

The leader. Always has been.

TEAC Corporation of America—7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640

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Blue Cross in Peace & War

by Tony Hendra

The American Blue Cross was born of a dream. It was and still is the dream of thousands and thousands of devoted men and women who, down through the decades, have dedicated themselves to ensuring that one day, every person on this planet, of whatever race, creed, or political shade of opinion, would have adequate medical coverage. The familiar blue emblem is the symbol of hope the world over. To the prosperous citizen in times of peace, it means an armored truck outside the bank; to survivors of a disaster, natural or otherwise, it means the friendly plane with a cargo of emergency policies. Wherever and whenever the little blue cross is found, in fact, it means one thing and one thing only. People helping people pay through the nose.

Quite how the idea began, no one is sure. Certainly, during the early decades of the century, as doctors began to realize how hopelessly underpaid they were for their services, and as hospitals, from being inefficient and haphazard manifestations of charity, became thriving industries, the notion of collecting large amounts of money from healthy people was definitely in the air. But it was not until the First World War, with its constant threat of instant disfigurement and massive injury, that it became possible for the American Blue Cross to really prey upon the fears of the public. At first, due to the official neutrality of the United States, the idealistic young "nurses" and "doctors" of the Blue Cross conceived their mission as being to cover all combatants in the war, irrespective of which side they were on. This did not go down too well with the Kaiser, however — whose Chancellor Bismarck had foisted a spurious form of "free" medical care upon his unsuspecting subjects — and Blue

Cross recruiters were not allowed behind the German lines. (Blue Cross suspicions regarding the enemy's attitude towards universal coverage were later confirmed by American prisoners who described how ruthless Iron Cross nurses laughingly tore their policies to shreds before their very eyes.)

America's entry into the war ended any hopes of neutrality, and the Blue Cross thenceforth devoted itself to the protection of its own countrymen. The doughboys, well aware of the butcher-shop medical care they could expect from the Army, signed up in their thousands, and many actually received benefits once peacetime made it possible to process their claims. One of the more celebrated was a then little-known Blue Cross volunteer called Ernest Hemingway, whose false testicles were almost entirely paid

Wfor under the terms of his Blue Cross plan. With the ending of "the war to end all wars," the organization turned its attention from the horrors of combat to the horrors of civilian life. The tireless workers of the Blue Cross set out to bring coverage to everyone who needed it, and their friendly teams of nurses and volunteers went out across the land, forms, pamphlets, and pens always at the ready. At

this time, the formative years of the Blue Cross as a nationwide organization, the emphasis was on emergency relief, on getting bits of paper into people's hands that would give them some immediate peace of mind. Blue Cross workers signed up anyone, anywhere, and let the rest take care of itself. In this they were undoubtedly helped by the mood of the country. It was the era of Jimmy Walker — a time of vast speculation in the market and the numbers racket. Everyone could spare a little each month on the off chance that if he or



EARLY DAYS. In the dark hours of World War I, it was often difficult for the Blue Cross to disseminate information about its coverage. Here, a Blue Cross volunteer explains to a group of rapt listeners the idea of a "deductible."

Wherever Blood Is Shed

"Your name, please!"



The American Blue Cross

she got really sick, they might not have to be ruined. It was a long shot, of course, but in the roaring twenties, the gamble was half the fun.

In this context, the Depression was, for the Blue Cross, a godsend. Now, instead of being little more than amusing sideshow, medical coverage became a matter of life and death. As always where misery and suffering strike, the Blue Cross was in the front line. Into the dust bowls and floods of the nation it plunged, onto the breadlines and window ledges of history it stepped. Wherever there was any money left, the Blue Cross found it and put it to work.

The Depression was a time of violent change. The transition from Hoover to Roosevelt, as in so many other areas, was for medical insurers the transition from competition to cooperation. The Blue Cross had always seen itself in friendly competition with the medical establishment for the public dollar, and had therefore taken its financial health for granted. Now, however, that health, the very cornerstone of the system, was threatened. People refused to pay their doctors; hospital stockholders, like those in any other industry, were watching their holdings disappear overnight. Some were even misled by the peculiar nature of the times into thinking that since they had nothing else, at least they deserved to stay healthy for nothing. It was time to join hands and overcome the threat.

The Blue Cross, as ever, came up trumps. In those cases in which medical benefits actually had to follow the payment of premiums, it decided to provide not financial remuneration to those in need, but services. Thus, the needy not only received occasional admission to hospitals and rudimentary medical care—they also were relieved of the burden of knowing the frankly embarrassing sums doctors and hospitals got for their services. The scheme was an instant success. The silence of the public was assured, and the financial health of the medical community was maintained. More importantly, the specter of "free" medical care—"the easy way out," as President Roosevelt described it to his private medical staff—with all its attendant ills of underpaid doctors, volunteer help, and nonprofit hospitals, was laid to rest once and for all. The Blue Cross worked more and more closely with the medical community, clinching its success by appointing to its governing boards only those people whose income derived from the provision or administration of health services.* Thus, by the end of the thirties, the whole system had been streamlined to such an

extent that the potential patient didn't have to concern himself with any aspect of his treatment. The doctors who ran Blue Cross simply talked it over with the doctors who didn't. In some cases, even this time-wasting process was eliminated, and a Blue Cross doctor would simply talk over the matter with himself.

With these organizational problems behind it, the Blue Cross was finally ready to face the greatest challenge of its history—World War II.

Abroad, it set up the International Blue Cross Committee in Geneva, where many of its operations had already been transferred due to banking obligations. The IBCC sent out workers into the field, to bring insurance relief to the millions of displaced civilians all over Europe, to investigate reports that internees of concentration camps had inadequate coverage, to ensure that premiums were promptly paid, and to coordinate the vast number of claims pouring in from all parts of a world torn by the savagery of war. If a soldier in North Africa whose leg had been amputated had a claim that went astray, for instance, it would eventually arrive at the Central Agency in Geneva, where the IBCC's huge network of interlocking communications would make sure it stayed that way.

At home, the American Blue Cross Association, now firmly ensconced in its new headquarters in Chicago, home of so many other pioneers in the protection field, launched a massive campaign to cover the home front. As in the previous conflict, the atmosphere of panic and abject terror played perfectly into its hands. To these powerful inducements was now added a further incentive, as myriad new industries mushroomed overnight to supply the war effort, creating working conditions that were, if anything, more hazardous than those on the battlefield, and giving rise to dozens of new and fatal diseases. The Association was hard put to meet the demands of the civilian sector, but happily, the simultaneous emergence of the big labor unions made possible yet another innovation in its long history of humanitarian firsts—the group plan. Under this system, the union simply delivered its enormous membership to the Blue Cross for their protection, under one policy. Blue Cross then calculated the predictability of "trouble" in units per thousand (the regulation standard was twenty-three claims per thousand annually) and adjusted premiums accordingly. Of course, if their estimate turned out to be too low, rates were adjusted upwards, providing workers with a much needed incentive to wear hard hats



MILITARY POLICY. Army treatment in the Second World War was so bad that enlisted men were urged to supplement it with their own Blue Cross plans.

*Recently, the International Blue Cross Association, under misguided pressure from "consumer" groups, has declared that a majority of members of its governing Boards should be people who do not derive their incomes from health services. This majority's own health, however, still remains at the discretion of the minority who do.

AFTER COUNTLESS HOURS BENEATH AN INFERNAL SUN, THE GIRLS ARE FINALLY RELEASED FROM THE CAGES...

GEE, BONNIE, I HOPE THESE NIPS GIVE US A BREAK SOON!

FORGET IT, KID. THEY'VE JUST BEEN SOFTENING US UP...

THE BEST IS YET TO COME!

GOOD EVENING, LADIES. WELCOME TO MY LITTLE SEMINAR. I AM DOCTOR NOJO, PHD IN ELECTRONICS FROM UCLA...

...YOU NOW PIVULGE SECRETS OF GROUP HEALTH INSURANCE -

OR YOUR HOSPITAL BILL LOOK LIKE CHECK AT CHASEN'S!

NOW... TELL ME... HOW YOU CANCEL LEGAL POLICIES WITH SENIOR CITIZENS?!!

SO? WHAT POINT TYPEFACE YOU USE FOR HIDDEN CLAUSES?!!

CAN INSURER DEFAULT ON LEGITIMATE CLAIMS?!!

HOW YOU GET FEDERAL APPROVAL FOR ANNUAL RATE INCREASES?!!

TALK!!!

YOU CAN TURN MY TITS TO TERIYAKI BEFORE I BLAB!

OH, BONNIE, I CAN'T STAND IT. LET'S TELL HIM... PLEASE!

WILL BETTY SUCCLUM TO THE SHASTLY TORTURES OF THE FIENDISH DR. NOJO? ARE BLUE CROSS'S VITAL SECRETS OF NEGLECT AND INSOLENCE SAFE? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S EXCITING EPISODE: "THE SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM OF DR. NOJO."



Are you covered?

The American Blue Cross

continued

and check their breasts regularly. A further refinement enabled employers to deduct premiums directly from employees' paychecks. At last, the individual worker no longer had to worry about how much money he paid for protection, where it was going, what it was being spent on, or who spent it. In essence, this remains the way in which the Blue Cross protects the public to this day, and if the public response is anything to go by, the public approves. It had better, if it wants to stay healthy.

With the termination of the war, however, and the removal of the immediate dangers it brought in its wake, the malcontents began once more to arise. The customary clamor for "free" medical care was heard once more throughout the land, fanned into a red heat by the many misguided individuals who had infiltrated the nation immediately before and during the war.

But this was not the gaunt era of the Depression. The Association was ready. It was strong, organized, legally untouchable. Furthermore, it had the horrific experiences of those nations who had been foolhardy enough to rush into programs of socialized medicine—such as Britain—to point to. Doctors and hospital administrators in such programs were in a wretched state. Granted insufficient vacations, unable to afford decent wine cellars, compelled to work in abrasive and ugly surroundings, they became careless, weary, and diffident.* The public was appalled by the potential for tragedy proponents of "automatic" or "guaranteed" health-care were toying with, and the Blue

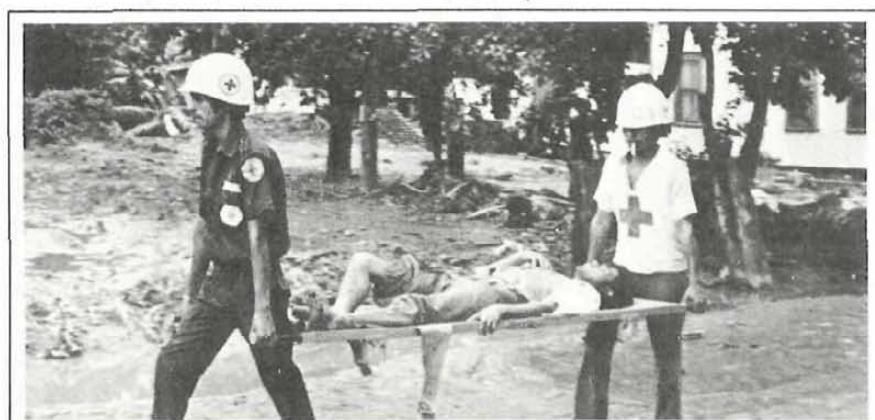
Cross made short work of the opposition.

Since then, the Blue Cross has had little to do but grow as the nation grew. The International Blue Cross Committee continued to function superbly. In the Hungarian Revolution, the IBCC did everything in its power to try to make sure that all those involved in the conflict had at least Major Medical. Not surprisingly, the communists wouldn't allow the organization through their frontiers, but there are stories of refugees staggering across the border between that ill-fated country and Austria, and signing anything put in front of them, grateful for even the tiny amount of coverage that their paltry sums would buy. In Katanga, on the other hand, the IBCC penetrated deep into the heart of the insurgent territory, fearlessly piloting plane load

after plane load of emergency group plans and ball-point pens to the stricken population.

Domestically, the only threat to the Blue Cross Association's future security came in 1965, when Congress, many said foolishly, passed Social Security Amendments, providing "free" benefits for the aged and the poor under the misleading names of Medicare and Medicaid (referred to by some wags as Nocare and Band-Aid). Luckily, the potential for disaster in this decision was averted when the government realized that most of the doctors and hospitals it would be relying on for its ill-advised scheme were already doing highly satisfactory business with the Blue Cross Association, and that many, if not all, of the patient records it would need were already in its complex and extremely uncooperative computers. Wisely, the government decided to let the Blue Cross administer the entire program.

Today, the Blue Cross stands as a monument to enlightened free enterprise. It remains a nonprofit organization, allowing only the individuals within that organization to profit, but never the organization itself. In a democratic society, it can point with pride to itself as the only institution in which more than a hundred million people have no say whatsoever in how they are treated, and no voice in choosing the people whose decisions are a matter of life and death to them. And perhaps most importantly, the Blue Cross Association has enabled the American people to avoid the baffling morass of bewildering forms, delays, malpractice, corruption, and callousness of the much-vaunted systems of socialized medicine which have plagued so many other societies. It has given them, instead, the baffling morass of bewildering forms, delays, malpractice, corruption, and callousness of the American Blue Cross. That, in the final analysis, is the American way. □



TO GET ALONG, GO ALONG. California Blue Cross volunteers remove the body of a man badly injured by his coworkers when he refused to participate in a local group plan. Not only did this unfortunate individual have to suffer the disapproval of his fellows — he had to pay for his treatment himself.

*A phenomenon which still occurs in America, when medical authorities are forced to treat Medicare or Medicaid patients without recourse to normally accepted modes of remuneration, such as triple-billing or unlimited supplies of narcotics.

WIN THESE ALBUMS*

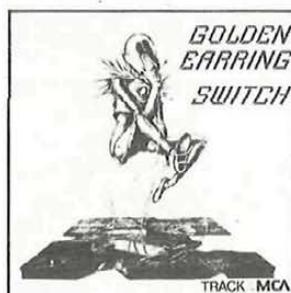
OR THE ENTIRE REPUBLIC OF CHINA



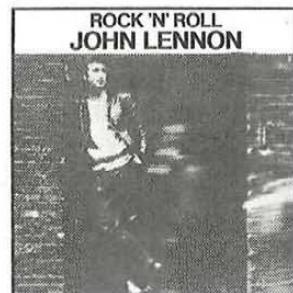
on ABC



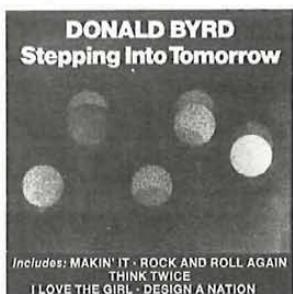
on ABC



on MCA



on Capitol



*Includes: MAKIN' IT • ROCK AND ROLL AGAIN
THINK TWICE
I LOVE THE GIRL • DESIGN A NATION*

on Blue Note



on Epic



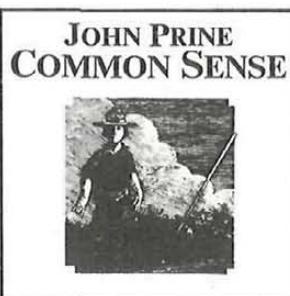
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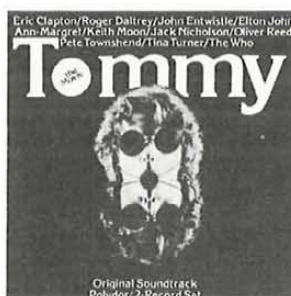
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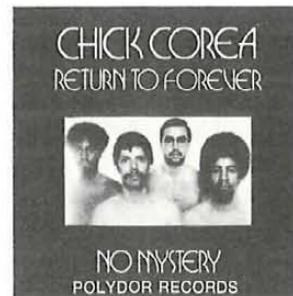
on Elektra



on Atlantic



on Polydor

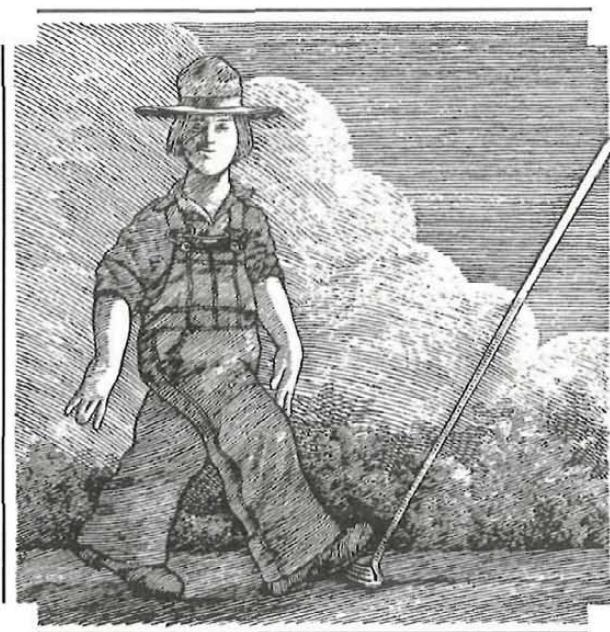


on Polydor

*As you may have guessed from the headline above we've run out of headlines for our monthly ad. If you can think of a headline—any headline—for our ad, write us. If we use it, we'll send you every album featured the month your line appears. (Or, if you prefer, we'll send you Red China.) Send entries to Hitmakers, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Korvettes The world's largest record department.
Come in for our low, low price!

JOHN PRINE COMMON SENSE



The best of both worlds.

*The beauty of John Prine's lyrics is matched
by the beauty of his music. Presenting John Prine's
new album, "Common Sense."*

*Produced by Steve Cropper, "Common Sense" adds new
dimensions to John Prine's already brilliant songs.*

"Common Sense." An important new album by John Prine.

ON ATLANTIC RECORDS AND TAPES



AFTER YOU LOOK AT TEAC, LISTEN TO DOKORDER.



We're one of two major companies seriously and exclusively into the manufacture of high performance tape recorders. The smaller one.

When you work with a tape recorder the only thing that counts is how well it works with you, not the size of the company that made it.

For sure they sell more tape recorders than we do. But you're only interested in the one you buy. They spend more on advertising,

too. But you're buying a tape recorder, not an ad.

They have a sophisticated assembly line and so do we. Theirs is just longer. They have a big quality control department and ours is smaller. But only one man can check one machine at a time and it's the commitment to quality that matters.

They're continually working on new products...we are, too. And good ideas have nothing to do with size.

So if you compare specs, features and functions you'll find yourself comparing two excellent tape recorders. One of them, however, takes significantly fewer dollars to buy. Ours. And that's the difference.

You won't always find TEAC and DOKORDER at the same store; we're too much alike. Naturally they have more dealers, so you may have to look around a little.

But that's the only price you'll have to pay for paying a lower price.

TEAC 2340

Motors	3
Heads	3
4-Channel Record and Playback	Yes
Built-in S-O-S/Echo	No
Overdub	Yes
Frequency Response at 7½ ips	±3 dB, 40-18,000 Hz
S/N	55 dB
Wow and Flutter at 7½ ips	0.08%
Manufacturer's suggested retail price	\$739.50

DOKORDER 7140

Motors	3
Heads	3
4-Channel Record and Playback	Yes
Built-in S-O-S/Echo	Yes
Overdub	Yes
Frequency Response at 7½ ips	±3 dB, 30-23,000 Hz
S/N	58 dB
Wow and Flutter at 7½ ips	0.08%
Manufacturer's suggested retail price	\$629.95

Features and specifications as published by respective manufacturers in currently available literature.

DOKORDER
5430 Rosecrans Avenue, Lawndale, California 90260

7140





Your kidney stones
are worth big money

PAGE 32

THE SENSATIONAL TRUTH OF JACKIE'S TERMINAL AILMENT!

Jackie Onassis caught a cold at the Orly Air Terminal, near Paris, France. She stepped outside for a few seconds and was assaulted by unfamiliar germs, said close friend Tony Orlando. Page 12

**Doctor warns: acupunc-
turists use dirty needles**

PAGE 9

**Faith healer cures
spoiled food**

PAGE 12

**New toilet seats
prevent syphilis**

PAGE 4

**Nose boogies cure sinus
headaches, vertigo**

PAGE 18

**Side effects of new
cancer drug cures heart
attacks**

PAGE 13

**Basket case grows new
limbs thanks to new
fertilizer**

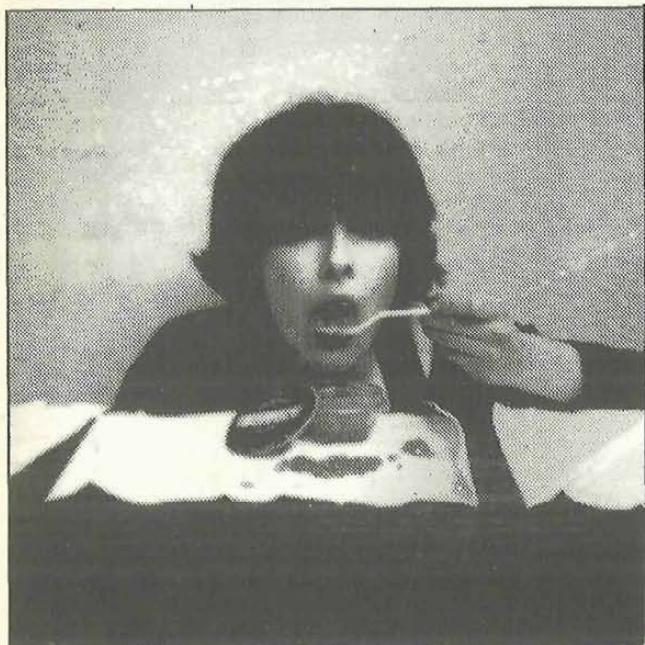
PAGE 32



POOP ON CHER'S PAP

Super-busy superstar Cher was long overdue for a pap test. Why couldn't she find the time? That's Cher with a microscope in our composite, retouched picture. See her pap sample and results of her tests, page 16.

BOY WITH RARE STOMACH DISEASE CAN ONLY EAT BELUGA CAVIAR



MOLINE, ILLINOIS—Stacy Tracy, seven, has to live the life of a poor little rich boy . . . or he'll die.

Little Stacy is the victim of a rare disease called Phylloxima Thyronosis, a disease that affects only one in 10 billion people.

His stomach rejects every food he eats except Iranian caviar, the most expensive caviar in the world, costing as much as \$200 a pound.

Until doctors diagnosed his case correctly, Stacy rejected every known form of food, and was wasting away, weighing only twelve pounds at the age of six. Since he started his all-caviar diet, he gained fifty pounds and is now capable of crawling and uttering sounds.

Almost

Stacy must have at least five pounds of caviar a week to stay alive and has exhausted the entire savings of the Tracy family.

His father, Lothar Tracy, was a foreman at the Nokona

Upholstery Stuffing Plant in nearby Rock Island, but was laid off a few months ago.

With a family of six to support besides Stacy, the Tracys are almost penniless, except for unemployment insurance.

When

"I went to the Welfare people for help, but you can imagine their faces when I said I needed \$500 a week for Stacy's caviar," said Lothar Tracy. "And then Stacy gets awfully thirsty and the only thing his stomach can tolerate is French champagne."

Mr. Tracy got down on his knees and begged Sore readers for their help and prayers. Unless he gets at least \$500 a week, and another \$100 or so for champagne, there's no hope for little Stacy.

SORETRENDS ★ SORETRENDS ★ SORETRENDS ★ SORETRENDS

PLASTIC SURGEON MAKES "BABY FACES" LOOK OLDER



BALTIMORE—Dr. Beshar Mograby is a plastic surgeon who turns the clock forward instead of backward.

For thirty-four years, he's been performing cholorostomies, a little-known plastic surgery technique

that transforms a perennially youthful "baby face" into an older face that looks more in keeping with the person's real age.

Many

"Many people are afflicted with the 'Baby Face Syndrome,'" said Dr. Mograby.

"For some genetic reason or other, their faces stay comparatively young looking, even though they may be in their fifties and sixties and even older. They look suspiciously cute and almost freakish, and this makes them emotionally upset and unstable."

Come

"They come to me for putting natural age lines and creases on their faces. I give them discreet little bags under their eyes, small scars, an extra chin and a few neck wrinkles, if they like," he said.

Adding extra years to their faces adds extra years of joy and happiness to their lives.

Dear Friend:

My name is Margaret Shopay. I am not a doctor. I'm not even a hairdresser. I work for the American Lastex Corporation as a secretary. But in my spare time I like to invent shampoos, hair rinses and conditioners.

While fooling around in my workroom one day, I discovered that a new batch of shampoo I had used on myself was curing my cancer tumors.

I shampooed my hair again and I noticed that most of my arthritis was gone. I repeated the process and cured my chronic cramps. Everytime I shampooed

ADVERTISEMENT

"YOU CAN GET IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM HEART DISEASE, CANCER, NEPHROSIS, ARTHRITIS AND HAY FEVER WITH MY NEW SHAMPOO!"

"I have brought relief to COUNTLESS THOUSANDS suffering from these ailments and many others—I have watched them recover and gain new vitality, plus the joy of having a clean, beautiful head of hair!"

Says Margaret Shopay



my hair I cured another ailment!"

Why? I suspect it has something to do with the shampoo seeping through the scalp right into the brain. And let's face it . . . the brain really controls everything that goes on in your body.

WHY FIGHT IT? I didn't stop to figure it out why it was happening. Maybe there's another reason. I just kept shampooing my hair like crazy. And I recommend the same treatment for your ailments.

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS. Get yourself my extra-large

family size bottle of shampoo and start washing now! Don't live another day with pain and aggravation.

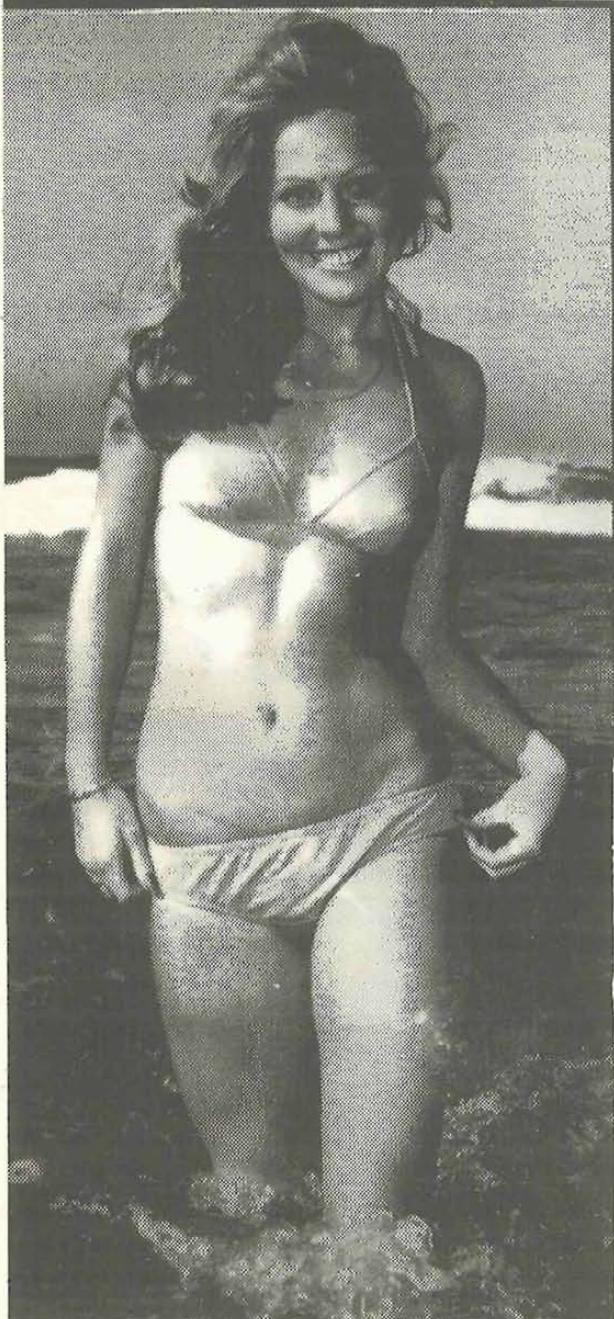
FREE

NO MONEY BACK OFFER

Send only \$9.95 for your big family-size bottle of my shampoo. Send your name, address, and cash only to: Margaret Shopay, 1454 Scrapple Ave., Harrisburg, Pa. 87909.

ANYONE CAN AFFORD AN ORGAN TRANSPLANT

TUCSON—Everyone talks about the high cost of organ transplants, but Doctor Sheldon Bogash is doing something about it.



Judy is extremely concerned about her superstar daughter, Liza, and her growing weight problem.

Kept

"I don't want Liza to make the same mistakes I did and drive herself to an early grave," said Judy.

"Remember how innocently I got started? I was just a little overweight and took a few diet pills. The diet pills kept me awake and jumpy at night so I took a few sleeping pills."

Was

"It went on and on, never

Dr. Bogash charges as little as 50 cents for many of his transplants and rarely more than \$12.95 for his most expensive ones. How does he do it?

"Simple," he told the *Sore*.

"I use animal organs instead of human ones. Animal organs are much cheaper."

The boyishly handsome thirty-one-year-old Bogash performs up to 500 transplants a month. Among his "best buys" are:

- Chicken livers, \$2.50 a pound
- Veal kidneys, \$2.75 a pound
- Pig's ears, 50 cents each
- Dog's legs, from \$4.50 to \$10.75 per pair.

Occasionally

Some of his patients balk at the prospect of getting a pair of dog's legs or a calf's liver. But their fears are allayed when Dr. Bogash asks them, "Would you rather die like a man or live like a dog?"

Artificial limbs are the easiest to replace. Dogs,

of course, are the most common animals used for leg replacements. Occasionally, Dr. Bogash will get a nice pair of kangaroo or zebra legs from a nearby zoo for those who can afford to pay a little more.

For

Dr. Bogash is preparing a big mail order catalog which will offer hundreds of different animal organs and limbs, ranging from pig's buttocks to pony penises. Deer and game bird parts will be available in season and special orders will be taken for more exotic organs. Instructions for attaching the organs will be included and all organs will be guaranteed for the life of the animal.

"You don't have to be a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller to afford an organ transplant," said Dr. Bogash.

"Animal organs are strong and healthy, too. Just forget your vanity and settle for a chicken breast or a lamb's testicle and you'll live a little longer," he said.

A Pearl from the Sea

One of the nicest treasures to come from the sea and land on Sydney beach is pretty Pearl Prescott. Pearl hopes to pursue a modeling career and travel abroad.

JUDY GARLAND WARNS DAUGHTER LIZA: "YOU'LL GET A HEART ATTACK FROM OVEREATING"

Judy speaks to Sore Psychic Anna Lomay in an exclusive interview!!!

stopping," said Judy. "Diet pills, sleeping pills, booze, drugs, sex, sadism, masochism, kleptomania, necrophilia, coprolagnia, neuritis, neuralgia and the roller coaster pressures of show business."

"It was a crazy merry-go-round I couldn't get off. I didn't die of an overdose

of drugs. I was just exhausted and my heart gave out."

Things

Miss Garland did not say that daughter Liza is doing all the bad things she did, but overeating is the "first fatal step in the vicious cycle."

DON'T PRAY ANYMORE FOR...

FOR my sister . . . who committed suicide because she couldn't raise the money she needed for an operation that would have cured her deformity.

Diane
Palmyra, N.Y.

FOR this guy I know who lives down the block . . . the doctor told him he just has to live with the pain for the rest of his life. There's nothing he can do about it.

Ricky
Columbus, Ohio

FOR my mother, my father, my three sisters, and five brothers, who all caught this disease I brought back from my trip to Africa.

T.J.F.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"QUACK" DOCTOR CURES CANCER VICTIMS WITH DUCK MEAT



The duck meat is applied like a bandage.

HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA — They call him the "quack" doctor at the Hearts of Palm Hospital in Hollywood, Florida, but not because he's crazy.

On the contrary, Dr. Milo Schneckman, a dermatologist, claims to have found a cure for skin cancer with his Duck à L'Orange treatments.

Duck à L'Orange is a gourmet French dish of roast duck in an orange and Grand Marnier-flavored sauce.

Dr. Schneckman discovered that pieces of this duck dish applied to the cancerous skin area caused a shrinking and eventual disappearance of the tumors.

"I'm not sure how the process works," said the slim, handsome doctor. "But it seems like the cancer cells are afraid of duck. The greasier the duck, the better."

Patients claim they can actually see the tumors pulsating and shrinking in fear.

SORE GRAPES

SOREST LETTERS FROM AMERICA'S SOREST READERS

Money

MY DOCTOR demands payment in advance before he even examines you. I asked him if I could just give him a deposit, like I do with my shoemaker. He said, "Go to the podiatrist down the block. Maybe he'll take a deposit."

Veronica Currialo
Brockton, Mass.

Rx

MY DOCTOR, who will be ninety-five years old next week, is very rich and successful. I asked him for the secret of his success. He said, "I always prescribe an enema."

I said, "Will it help a broken leg or a sore throat?"

He said, "No."

Patricia Localiosi
Elmont, N.Y.

I SOLD my house, my car, my furnishings, and heirloom jewelry in order to pay my hospital bill (it was a two-week stay). I was so exhausted after all that selling and negotiating that I had to check back into the hospital!

Camilla Debarbanzolo
Providence, R.I.

SORETRENDS ★ SORETRENDS

First Successful Disease Trade

MINNEAPOLIS — In a dramatic twenty-two-hour operation, Dr. Perry Midler, of the world famous Northrup Clinic, successfully switched two diseases in the hope that their recipients might be better able to cope with something different.

Little Jody Cody, Jr., five, suffered from cystic fibrosis all his life and had not responded to any treatment. The same applied to little Mary Sue Kilkenny, six, who suffered from leukemia.

Thanks to Dr. Midler, they have each other's diseases.

Both

"Their bodies will be so shocked to find a totally new disease that I'm sure there will be a positive, rather than a negative, reaction," said Dr. Midler.

The parents of the children expressed cautious optimism.

"We have nothing to lose," said Seymour Kilkenny, father of the Kilkenny child.

"I think we got the better of the deal," said Jody Cody, Sr., father of little Jody, Jr. "At least we can treat leukemia, as long as it isn't terminal. Jody Jr.'s cystic fibrosis was really hopeless. Very close to terminal. I hope the Kilkennys know what they're getting into."



Little JODY CODY, JR.

cancelled at the last minute. While driving to the Mercedes showroom to look at a new car, I thought of how many traffic accidents are caused by drivers who have to go to the bathroom badly, especially women driving on bumpy roads.

Their minds become preoccupied with their desperate need and they forget to keep their eyes on the road. To avoid fatal accidents, here are a few dos and don'ts to remember:

DON'T stop at a sleazy looking bar or restaurant. There's no telling what kind of germs you'll pick up in those rest rooms.

DON'T stop at a sleazy looking gas station, for the same reason outlined above.

DON'T hold it in any longer than you have to. Many kidney disorders and other problems of this sort can be traced to your "martyrdom" and perseverance.

DO stop your car anywhere and urinate, if it's really bad. And if you can't stop the car, do it while you're driving. It's easier to clean up than blood, isn't it?

DOCTOR'S DIARY



TUESDAY

I had some extra time on my hands because my golf date was

How Clumsy Can You Get?

AP, JUNE 9—An Australian born with two left feet fell out of a ten-story building, got up and walked in front of a speeding truck, was hit, and rolled down an open manhole into a sewer, where he was swept off into the ocean. He was retrieved by a lifeguard and claimed he was fine. "Happens all the time when you have two left feet," he said.

ANOTHER COCK TALE

by Chris Miller

Harry Immelman, young instructor of theoretical mathematics at City University, was awakened one night by something wet squirting in his

face. His first thought was that he must have been dreaming, but when he brought his hand to his face, he found a rivulet of warm, sticky stuff

running down his cheek. He blinked at the darkness. Was his wife playing a prank on him? He reached for her, found the other side of the bed

continued

continued

empty, then remembered that Sara, a new doctor now in her residency, had been assigned the night shift at the hospital this week. Completely puzzled, he turned on the light. Other than a few wet spots on the sheet, he could see nothing out of the ordinary. Finally, shrugging, he wiped his face with a Kleenex, turned off the light, and settled his head back into his pillow.

Splat! What, again? Growling with annoyance, he turned on the light immediately this time. His jaw dropped. Hanging in space, about a foot in front of him, was a . . . penis. No body, not even balls, just a penis, glistening wetly and aimed straight at him, a few milky drops still oozing from its end. Harry stared at it unmoving, paralyzed by the improbability of it all. The penis, he noted, though at first fully erect, was now shrinking perceptibly. Then, without warning, it began to disappear. It disappeared from the rear forward, until just the head was still visible. Absurdly, he was reminded of the Cheshire Cat. Then the head also vanished, leaving behind one last accumulated drop, which fell warmly on his stomach.

"Yah!" cried Harry. He leapt from the bed, trembling. He felt simultaneously badly frightened and utterly disbelieving. If it weren't for the long, viscous strand of stuff hanging from his chin, he would have written off the entire experience as a bizarre nightmare. Hell, it *had* to be a nightmare. What he had just seen

—*imagined* he'd seen—could have no possible reality. Maybe . . . maybe he had come in his own face, gotten a hard-on while sleeping and had a wet dream. Sure, that had to be it. After all, his wife's nightly absences this week *had* made him incredibly horny, his appetites being what they were. He examined his penis under the lamp. It certainly didn't look recently active. Still, that must have been it. He suppressed his trembling and went to the bathroom to wash his face, feeling surer all the time about his wet dream theory. But not so sure that he didn't stop at the toolbox and bring a pair of metal shears back to bed with him. Just in case, he told himself, laying them on his night table. Climbing back under the covers, he put the other pillow over his face and tried to fall asleep.

Abruptly, there was a sharp poke in his stomach, then another, then a whole series of pokes, as if he were being attacked by a snubnosed wood-pecker. He hurled the pillow away and switched on the light. Something was dancing about like a small ghost under the sheet. He tore the sheet off him and there was the penis, not *his* penis—he checked his groin to be sure—but the same disembodied one as before, only rock-hard now and plunging repeatedly into his mid-section. He stared in terror, unable to move, pinned to the bed by this thrusting intruder. Suddenly, the penis made a particularly deep thrust, knocking the wind out of him, and stopped. Hot come blasted his stom-

ach and ran down his sides onto the sheet.

A scream tore from Harry's throat and he grabbed the penis with both hands. Immediately, it began to thrash and struggle. Because it was quite slippery, he had to squeeze very tightly to hold on, but hold on he did and finally, like a beached fish whose strength has ebbed at last, the penis heaved and lay still. Maintaining his grip with his right hand, Harry reached for the shears with his left. As he just touched them, the penis gave a tremendous jerk, almost tearing free of his grasp. Hastily, he brought his left hand back to join his right, knocking the shears to the floor as he did so, and held on for all he was worth. The penis subsided and lay passively in his hands.

Swallowing, he began to grope about blindly on the floor for the shears, keeping a tight, careful hold on the penis with his other hand. At last he felt them and gradually worked his fingers into the handle holes. Flesh crawling, he brought the shears slowly up, fit the penis into the V of the blades and squeezed them shut with all his might.

The penis, sliced through, dropped into his lap. The stump hung suspended before him for a frozen instant, a red disk welling blood, then vanished.

Whimpering, Harry leapt out of bed, rolled the sheets into a ball with the penis somewhere in the middle and hurled the entire bundle down the incinerator chute. He then dropped two Seconals, took a shower, remade the bed and lay beneath the covers with his eyes squeezed shut until he lost consciousness.

Harry never mentioned the grisly events of his long night to anyone, even Sara, lest he be thought crazy. In fact, when morning came, he wasn't even sure himself that any of it had really happened, except for the indisputable fact that a pair of sheets was missing. And even that could be explained by the theory that he had had a particularly powerful nightmare and, waking suddenly, imagined the sheets covered with blood and thrown them out. Hell, if he couldn't believe that he had sliced off a disembodied penis in the middle of the night because it had come in his face, how could he expect anyone else to? So he said nothing.

Seven years passed. Harry became a full professor, highly regarded by his colleagues and fulfilled by his work. Sara, by this time quite highly thought of in her own field, gynecology, had been hired to work for a research and development firm headed by a wealthy, quirky genius named

continued on page 52



"Heck, no! We're not crazy! Why? Do we look crazy?"

The Foundation of America

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Mr. Gerald Taylor
The National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Dear Mr. Taylor:

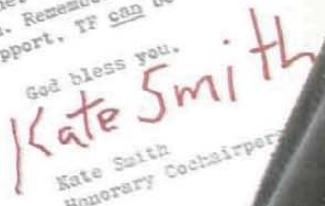
What is TF? TF is Terminal Flatulence, also known as Crepitulation Terminalus and Ubu's Disease. It is a member of the "aerosol" family of lower digestive diseases, and though its causes are as yet unknown, its effects are all too familiar — stabbing pains in the lower colon, involuntary contractions of the facial muscles, falling plaster, spasms of the rectator/eliminator muscle system, wilted houseplants, depletion of the ozone layer, painful death, weight loss, and lingering, painful death.

Who is susceptible? TF strikes at random; no one is immune. The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare has predicted that TF and related diseases (Toxic Mephitis and Hindenburg's Syndrome) will strike approximately 500,000 Americans this year. 300,000 of whom

What is being done? Unfortunately, very little. Too many people think of TF as a passing disorder. It is not. It is a killer, sometimes silent, always deadly. Of TF it can truly be said, "It embarrasses people to death."

What can be done? Stopgap measures are not enough. Dr. James Sanders, Director of the B & M Memorial TF Research Center in Boston, has predicted that with continued support, a viable anti-TF vaccine might be developed as early as 1980. In the meantime, much can be done to control the disease, and to alleviate the suffering and prolong the lives of its ill-fated victims. Won't you please help? The enclosed materials have been specially selected to appeal to the readers of your magazine. We hope that you will find room to run them. Remember, with your help and your readers' support, TF can be licked!

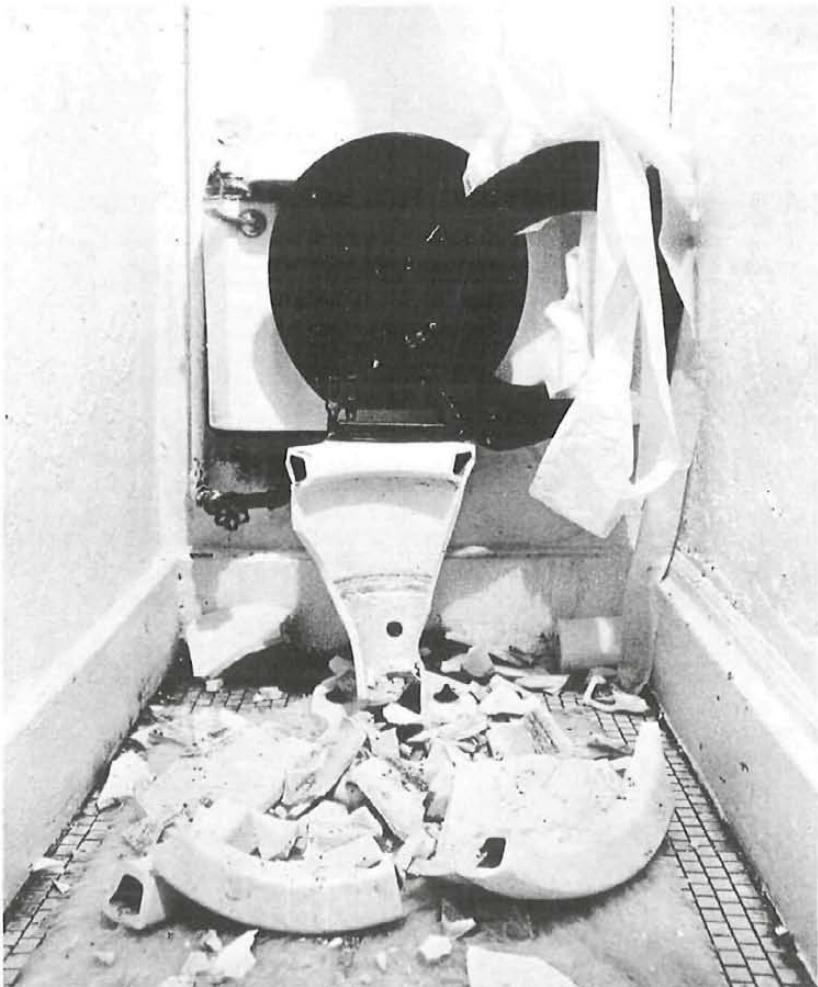
God bless you.


Kate Smith
Honorary Cochairperson

Sometimes silent— always deadly.

What is TF?

TF is the nation's Number One Killer.



Here are six of the 140 warning signs of TF:

- Localized cloud formations.
- Peeling wallpaper.
- Lack of friends and acquaintances.
- Defoliated trees and shrubs.
- Scorched mattresses.
- Unaccountable pet deaths.

**TF—
it's not to be sniffed at.**

For further information contact: The TF Foundation Los Alamos, New Mexico



This kid wants...

The ~~TF~~ Foundation of America

Radio Commercial

TF Foundation

30 secs.

INTRO: MUSIC ("Concerto for Timpany and Tuba") 5 secs and fade under

SFX: SCHOOL YARD SOUNDS 3 SECS

SFX: KAZOOO

CHILD'S VOICE: Teehee. Who dropped a rose?

2nd CHILD'S VOICE: Teehee. He who dealt it, smelled it.

SFX: CHINESE FIREWORKS

1st CHILD'S VOICE: Teehee. Who cut the cheese?

2nd CHILD'S VOICE: Teehee. Who let one?

SFX: BASSOON DISCHORD

BOTH CHILDREN: Teehee. Teehee.

ANNCR: Hold on there, kids. TF is no laughing matter. It's our nation's biggest killer, and its side effects should concern us all. Scientists tell us that TF will strike one in three of your classmates. And the chances are, most of your teachers have it.

SFX: CONTROLLED NUCLEAR EXPLOSION

ANNCR: You see, kids, I've got TF, too.

1st CHILD'S VOICE: Gosh, Mister, we're sorry. What can we do?

FADE MUSIC UP, HOLD UNDER V.O. AND FADE

V.O.: Give, and give generously, to the TF Foundation. With your help,



But he can't.

He'll never be tight end, either, or pass, or play the Rose Bowl, or make the first draft. Why? Because he'll have no one to play with. Ever. His only buddy is a killer called TF.

TF can be beat. With the right game plan, we can blast a hole through its front line and red-dog it to death. But we need time, and we need money.



Help a kid make the snap.

For further information contact: The TF Foundation Los Alamos, New Mexico

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MAGAZINE AD NO. 1114-71"10" (110 SCREEN)

TF FOUNDATION CAMPAIGN

Little Julian has TF...

...so does
little
Jesus.



Little Julian spends all his days connected to a twenty-three-cubic-foot EM/CON catalytic converter/compressor, otherwise known as a TF machine. Luckily, his family is rich enough to afford one. They cost \$18,500 apiece...

...Little Jesus is not so lucky. His family can scarcely afford to pay for the last three apartments he has destroyed, let alone a TF machine. So little Jesus has to live on the fire escape.

We don't think little Jesus should have to live on the fire escape. We think he should have a TF machine. But we can only give him one if you help. Give to the TF Foundation and *give generously*.

**TF – with your help
we can catch it
and sew
a button on it.**

For further information contact:
The TF Foundation
Los Alamos, New Mexico



Life can be a gas!



Ard Schenck—speed skater.



Roberto Colon—demolition expert.



Ida Grossbaum—welder.



Private Harry Partz—Brown Beret.

These people have one thing in common. They all have TF.

But they haven't let it cloud their futures. All enjoy rich, fruitful lives; and some have even become resounding successes.

People with TF are people who fight back. They don't let it get them down. Nor should you.

TF, if allowed to go untreated, results in the gassification of the entire body. If you think you or a loved one may have TF, consult your family physician immediately.



TF—it's not to be sniffed at.

For further information contact: The TF Foundation Los Alamos, New Mexico

Max Plumb, one of whose many world-saving projects was an investigation into improved methods of birth control. Both Harry and Sara prospered. To augment their city apartment, they bought a house in the Berkshires. Life was full and good.

One night in June of '74, with the semester over and his vacation begun, Harry took Sara out to dinner at a fancy French restaurant and both consumed immoderate quantities of wine. Before the dinner had ended, they were staring lustfully at each other. In the cab on the way home, they necked like teenagers. By the time they got to their apartment, they were so ready for each other that they left a trail of clothes on the way to the bedroom. They made love long and hard, Harry entering Sara in the canine fashion, a favorite position of theirs.

Afterward, curled under Harry's arm smoking a cigarette, Sara said, "Well, unbeknownst to you, my dear, we've just given Plastic Tess her first trial run. What did you think?"

"Plastic who?" Harry was only half listening. Already he was thinking how nice it would be to start fondling again.

"Plastic Tess. You know, the new IUD I developed for Max. I've told you about it."

"Oh, Plastic Tess. Of course. Uh, you say we've just tested it?" He felt a little nervous at the notion of some imperfected device suddenly

making him a father. "Are you sure it works?"

"Completely sure. That's why I was willing to be my own guinea pig."

Harry smiled wickedly at his wife, whose maiden name had been Rossi. "Maybe a guinea, darling, but never a pig." Pulling her back up to her hands and knees, he scrambled around behind her and initiated a second round.

"Well, feels as good as ever," Harry told her when they were finished, "so your new gizmo is okay by me. What is a Plastic Tess, anyway? Like a copper T?" Much as he respected his wife's competence, he still wanted assurances of foolproofness.

"No, it's an entirely new concept. Most IUDs try to make sperm ineffective. The Plastic Tess gets rid of it altogether."

"Gets rid of it?" Harry was watching the rise and fall of her breasts, feeling the first rushes of renewed desire. He was hot tonight. "How is that possible?"

"Well, we don't fully understand it yet. But we know it works." She paused. "Strangely enough, I got the original idea from something you once explained to me."

"Really?" Harry stroked one of her nipples, watched it harden.

"Sure. Remember one night you told me about the Möbius strip, how it converts a one dimensional continuum into a two dimensional one?"

And how a Klein bottle makes two dimensions into three? And how, theoretically, there would be a means of applying the same principle to a three dimensional solid, transforming it into a four dimensional form called a tess... Harry, are you listening?"

Harry was not. Instead, he was nuzzling at her breasts. All thoughts of dimensional continuums quickly flew from Sara's head and, groaning, she slid limply down in bed and opened her legs. When Harry had excited her to a fever pitch, he mounted her and slid himself all the way in. With a small yip, Sara brought her legs up and closed her eyes. Smiling happily, Harry pushed up on his hands and, using the springs of the mattress, began to bounce himself up and down, faster and faster, until he was plunging in and out of her like a piston. When she unleashed her scream of orgasm, he thrust himself as deeply into her as he could go and came like a skyrocket.

Abruptly, something seized his penis and held it in a grip of steel.

Harry gasped. "Hey, Sara, stop it! Let go!" He pulled as hard as he could, but the grip only tightened.

"What are you talking about?" Sara's eyes were wide with alarm. "I'm not doing anything."

Harry stopped pulling and stared at her. "I'm stuck! It's got to be the IUD!"

"The IUD? But that's impossible! Harry, it couldn't possibly... look, I'll relax myself completely. Try again to pull out."

Harry gathered his strength and gave his hips a tremendous yank. For a second, he thought he felt himself begin to pull free. But only for a second. Then he felt himself grabbed more tightly than ever. "Sara," he said hoarsely, quite frightened now, "what is a Plastic Tess? How does it work?"

"Well, I was trying to tell you. Max got one of his topologists to apply the principle of the Möbius strip and Klein bottle to a three dimensional form, making it four dimensional, then miniaturized it to fit inside a vagina..."

"A tesseract!" hissed Harry. "A Plastic Tess is a miniaturized tesseract!"

"Right. And when the semen passes through the Plastic Tess, it moves from a three to a four dimensional continuum and vanishes. As I said, we don't fully understand where it goes yet, but since the fourth dimension is..."

"Time!" cried Harry Immelman. "Oh, no! Oh my God, no!"

"Darling, what is it?"

Harry screamed. □

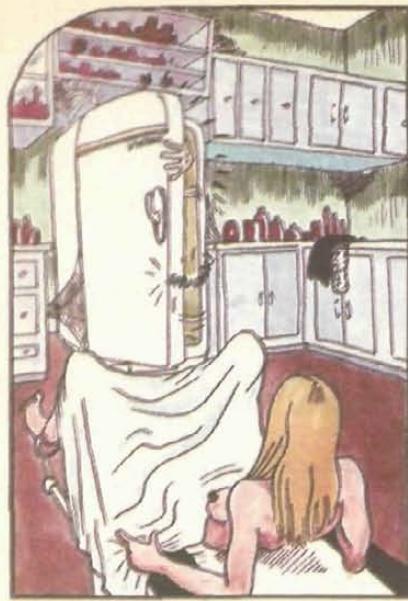


HEY THERE! YOUNG WOMAN! ARE YOU TROUBLED BY A NAGGING ITCH? FOUL DISCHARGE? FEAR OF PREGNANCY? BY ALL MEANS- SEE A PHYSICIAN!

BUT HEED MY WARNING, INNOCENT WOMAN... TURN AND RUN! FLEE FOR YOUR LIFE! IF HE SAYS YOU NEED A...

BLOOD TEST





RABBI BIRDMAN



AND HIS
NURSING
HOME

BY
BOBBY
LUDWIG

SCHLEPPER,
MU SON, SOME-
DAU MU EN-
TIRE CHAIN
OF HOMES
WILL BE YOURS!

THE
SUBPOENAS,
700,
POPPA?

SUBPOENAS, HE
ASKS ABOUT!!
SIGH! - LORD,
PROTECT THE
SIMPLE BUSI-
NESSMAN
FROM ALL THIS
PERSECUTION!

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID
THE
MAFIA
WOULD DO
THAT!!

..YOU KNOW-
THE ONES IN
ALBANY!

I'M GOING TO
SHOW YOU
YOUR FIRST
PATIENT...
I WANT YOU
SHOULD BE
NICE AND
WATCH MY
BEDSIDE MANNER.

YES,
POPPA.

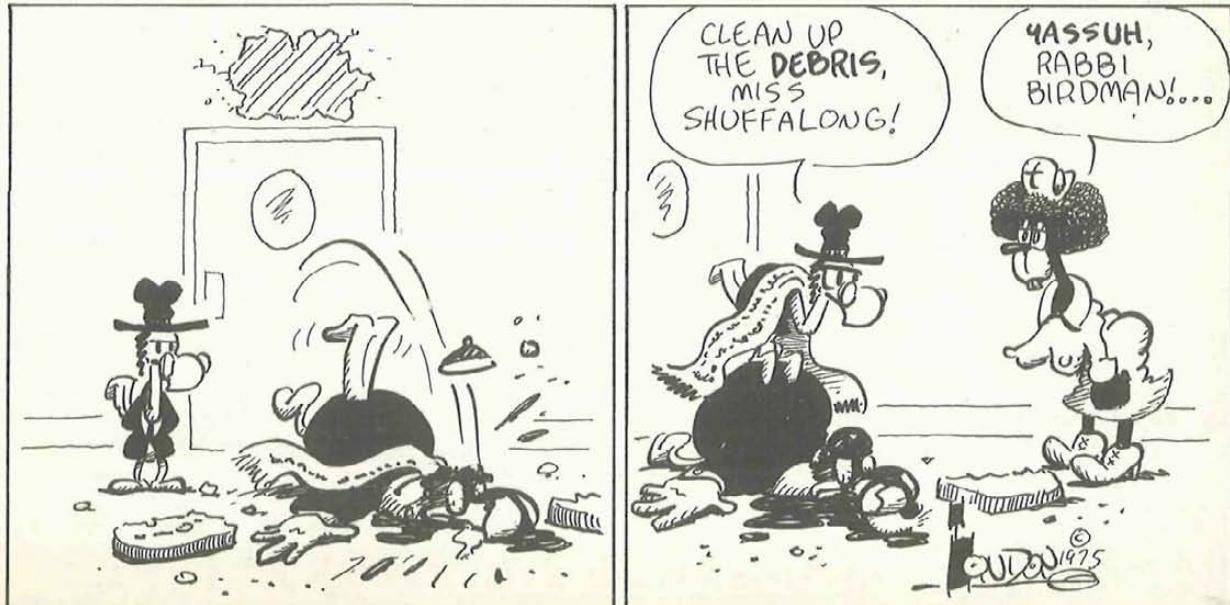
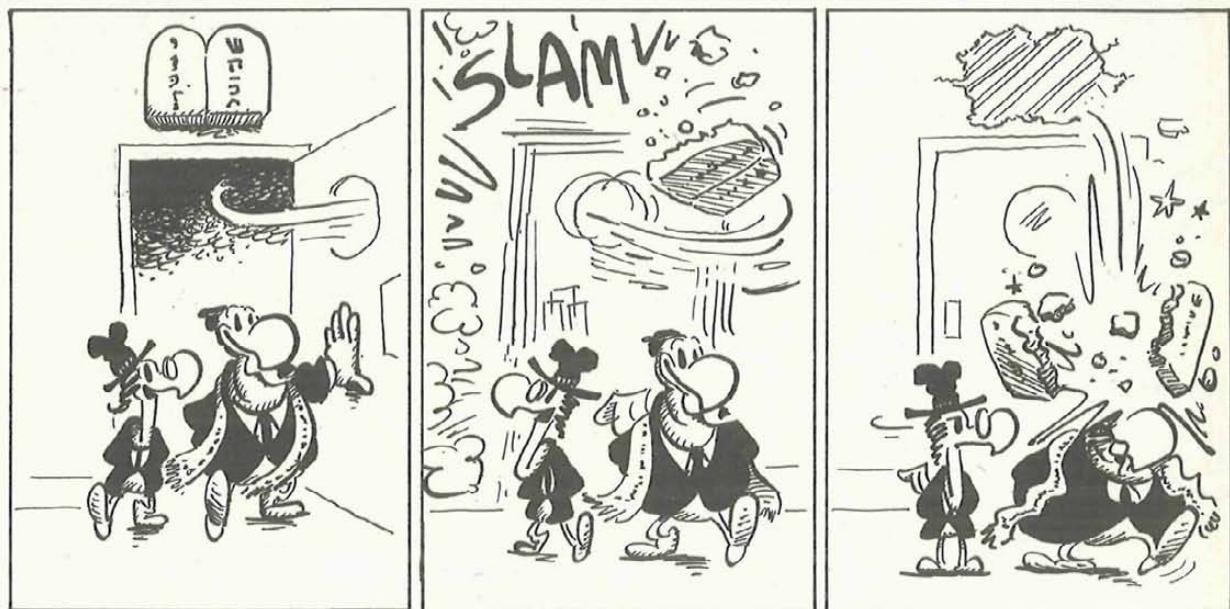
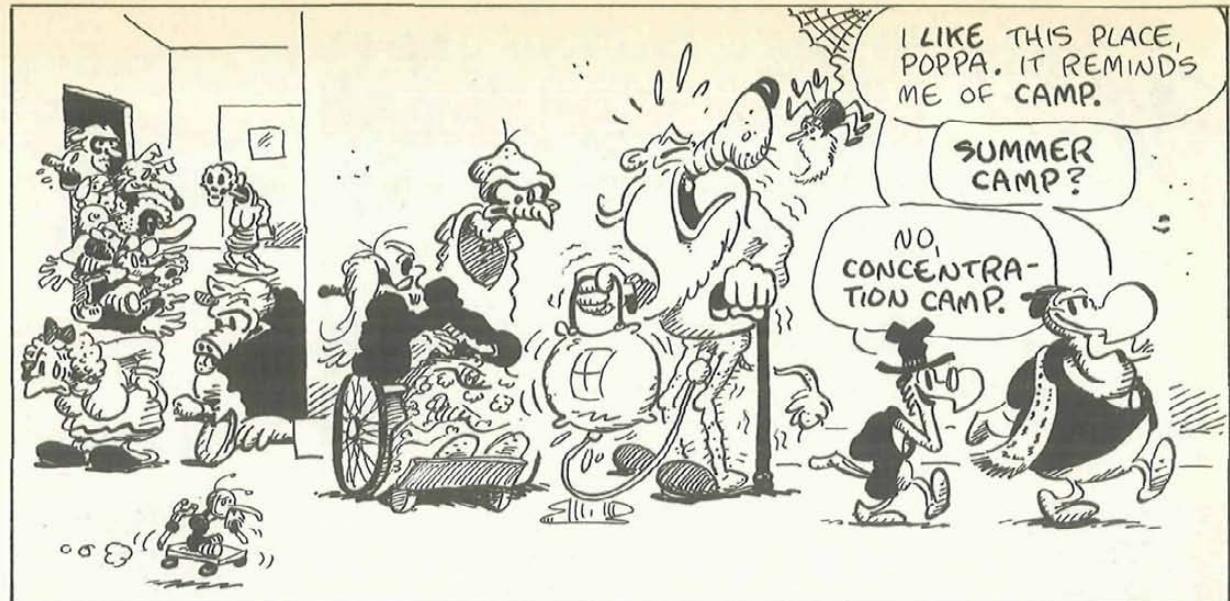
THIS LADY'S
BED SMELLS
FUNNY.

WELL,
OPEN THE
WINDOW!
YOUR
MOTHER
LOVES
FRESH AIR!

I LOVE OLD PEOPLE,
SON! A GEZUNT ON THEM!
THE OLDER AND
FEEBLER THEY
ARE, THE
MORE I
LOVE THEM!

FOOSH!

YES,
POPPA.



Cancer! World



EMERGENCY ROOM

10408 Rev. 5/69

EMERGENCY ROOM

AVERY X. SPENCE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

PAYMORREN, CONNECTICUT

ADULT ADMISSIONS FORM
PATIENT MUST COMPLETE
APPLICATION IN PERSON

MR.
MRS.
MISS
HISPANIC
NONWHITE

ERKHARDT HOWARD

R. (203) KLS-2877

11-14-37

PATIENT'S LAST NAME

FIRST

INITIAL

2637 Tudorock Rd, Swaybridge Conn.

CITY

STATE

ZIP

REFERENCES (PLEASE GIVE THE NAMES OF TWO
RELIABLE REFERENCES WHO ARE NOT RELATIVES)

Stanley Ardulli 26373 Tudorock Rd Swaybridge

Lou Morgenthau 26368 Tudorock Rd, Swaybridge

1050 6th St. Hartford Conn.

EMPLOYER

ADDRESS

8

YEARS WITH FIRM

PROBABLE OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT (25 WORDS OR LESS)

CLIFF Brockers retires next year

EMPLOYER

ADDRESS

8

CITY

STATE

ZIP

HOME TELEPHONE

SOCIAL SECURITY NO.

DATE OF BIRTH

Colonial Name Savings & BANK Loan

KLS-1170

KL3-1918

PHONE

PHONE

BUSINESS PHONE

MONTHLY SALARY

In line for sales mgmt. when

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SOC

FORM 55-A**AVERY X. SPENCE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL**

1450 Oakveen Rd., Paynorren, Connecticut

(203) 217-1000

Rare Condition/Teaching Experiment Surgical Discharge

E6-55-A-4 Rev. 6/73

RELEASE DATE June 22, 1975

The undersigned patient, by fact of his discharge, thereby agrees to the right of the Avery X. Spence Memorial Hospital to retain with all rights any record, visual, aural, or written, of his or her medical or surgical treatment for use professionally.

Howard Erkhardt
signed**STATEMENT OF CHARGES**

Medical Performance Operation to correct and set multiple compound upper torso bone fractures and severe skull concussion in Steering Column Series, Part XIV: Impacted Forehead and the Horn-Ring Rib Cage Syndrome, of Automotive Surgery Film Institute.

CAST SALARIES

Dr. Robert Rothman (lead, as surgeon)	\$3600 00
Dr. B. Treuhaft (anesthesiologist)	1400 00
Dr. Fredric Poneman (assistant anesthesiologist)	800 00
Joseph Phillips, Charles Horowitz (interns)	600 00
Diana Wilkens, Bonita Hall, Robin West (nurses)	360 00
David King, Bill Bartlett (orderlies)	130 00

CREW SALARIES

John Marks, Director	4000 00
David Obst, Producer	3700 00
David Szabo, Photography Director	2800 00
Alan Spaulding, Glen Ehaz, Cameramen	500 00
Michael Motto, Lighting Engineer	750 00
Michael Klarr, Electrician	250 00
Taylor Branch, Set Designer	780 00
Kim Kirkpatrick, Set Carpenter	250 00
Tom Scott, Sound Engineer	780 00
Levi Bergstein, Nancy Adler, Styling and Make-up	825 00
Kadi Kiiss, Costume Mistress	450 00
Susan Hoffman, Props	300 00
Ann Kinberg, Editor	1200 00
Two maintenance men	144 00

COSTUMES AND PROPS

10 surgical gowns, 10 surgical masks, 8 pair surgical gloves, 1 set sheets and pillow cases, 5 surgical caps, 3 hairnets, 2 scalpels, 15 hemoplasts, 3 pair forceps, 5 yds. sutures, 4 surgical needles, 2 doz. sponges, 16 clamps, 1 respirator, anesthetic, oxygen rental, and vital sign monitors.	1066 83
---	---------

MISC. EXPENSES

Film costs	453 76
Set rental: 21 days @ \$300 per diem	6300 00
Rehearsal hall	250 00
Carfare	71 60
Catering	195 83
Total	31,167 02

PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR CHARGES Name Howard R. Erkhardt Phone (203) KL5-2877
 Street 26371 Tudorock Rd.
 City Swaybridge, State Conn. Zip 06859
Howard R. Erkhardt
 signed

Chick Corea and Return To Forever reveal all there is to reveal about themselves.



Chick Corea

Al DiMeola

Lenny White

Stanley Clark

"No Mystery" is a musical revelation. All feelings, exposed. All energy, audible. **"No Mystery"** is an album that leaves little to the imagination. Chick Corea and Return To Forever have illuminated new forms of rock, jazz, progressive, more progressive, and just-plain-fun music. Just when you think you know where they're going, they surprise you again! It will touch anyone who cares to listen. And can rocket you onto your toes. Like the fast-rising single, **"Jungle Waterfall"** is already doing.

Experience live revelations of R.T.F. in their National Spring Tour. Watch the papers. And stay tuned to the ground.

CHICK COREA
RETURN TO FOREVER



NO MYSTERY
POLYDOR RECORDS

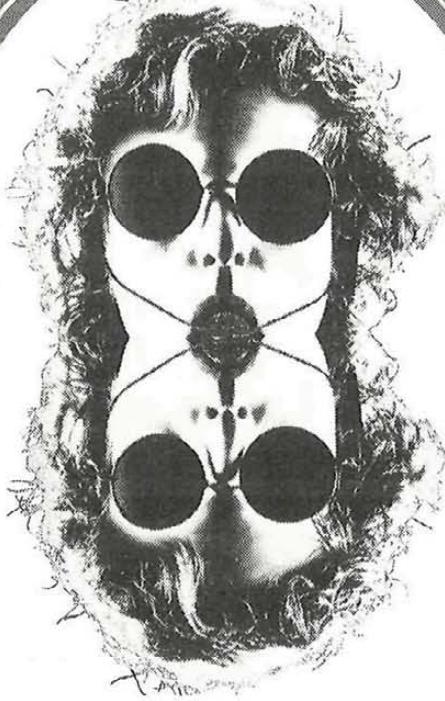
"NO MYSTERY"
RETURN TO FOREVER
featuring CHICK COREA



Polydor Records
A Polygram Company • Distributed by Phonodisc

Tommy

the Movie



Ann-Margret is The Mother

Roger Daltrey is Tommy

Eric Clapton is The Preacher

Keith Moon is Uncle Ernie

Jack Nicholson is The Doctor

Peter Townshend is Himself

Oliver Reed is The Lover

Elton John is The Pinball Wizard

John Entwistle is Himself

Paul Nicholas is Cousin Kevin

Robert Powell is Captain Walker

Tina Turner is The Acid Queen

Your senses will never be the same.

Columbia Pictures And Robert Stigwood Present A Film By Ken Russell

Tommy

By The Who Based On The Rock Opera By Pete Townshend

Starring

Ann-Margret Oliver Reed Roger Daltrey Elton John
As Tommy

And featuring

Elton John
As The Pinball Wizard

Guest Artists

Eric Clapton John Entwistle Keith Moon Paul Nicholas
Jack Nicholson Robert Powell Pete Townshend
Tina Turner And The Who

Associate Producer Harry Benn Musical Director Pete Townshend Screenplay By Ken Russell

Executive Producers Beryl Vertue And Christopher Stamp Produced By Robert Stigwood And Ken Russell

Directed By Ken Russell

Original Soundtrack Album on Polydor Records

Polydor

and Tapes

PG

PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

Some material may not be suitable for pre-teenagers

© 1975 The Robert Stigwood Organisation Limited

now playing at a theatre near you!

DOCTOR'S PRIVILEGE KIT

by P. J. O'Rourke

When you're a doctor, you can do anything you want to, absolutely anything at all. Wanna trot through customs at Heathcote Airport with a kilo of rock crystal cocaine in a lady's handbag? Wanna tool down I-80 at a hundred mph in an International Signal Orange Eldorado Brougham with a U-Haul full of sten guns for the Chicano guerrillas in the hills of Marin? Or fist-fuck an autistic preteen? Frankly, "no sweat" for even the lowliest intern. Or, as the Yale Medical School Alma Mater puts it:

Sumus Medius

We will take all your clothes off
And get you undressed,

And diddle around
With the parts we like best.
We'll poke you and probe you
And peek everywhere,
And laugh at your body
While you're standing right
there.
We can tell you whatever
Pops into our mind—
We might call your backache
A cancerous spine,
We might tell you your freckles
Are dread melanoma,
Or say you were out
For a fifty-year coma.
We'll anesthetize you
At seven A.M.
And play gin on your face

Till a quarter past ten.
We're doctors
And we can remove your whole
brain,
Poke your eyes out with fly rods
And never explain;
Rip out your kidneys
And feed them to cats,
Or cut off your buttocks
And wear them like hats.
© 1945 Yale University

... in Latin, of course. I mean, why rub it in?

Yes, doctors are above the law; so it's no wonder that medical schools are deluged by so many applicants that few among us could even aspire

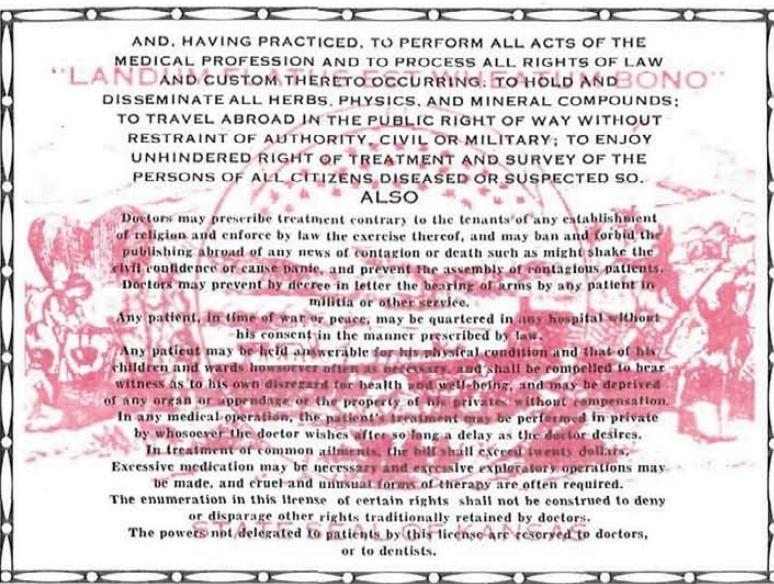
continued on page 84

ON THIS _____ DAY OF _____
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED AND _____
THE KANSAS STATE BOARD OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS
DOES PRESENT TO

THIS

LICENSE TO PRACTICE MEDICINE
LICENSE NO. 77814516

LICENSE TO PRACTICE MEDICINE



DOCTOR'S LICENSE—READY TO BE FILLED OUT. All you have to do to make it legal is get a highball glass of whiskey and sit down at a table. Then you say, "Here's to the health of Dr. Bug!," take a big drink, set the glass down hard, tap the table top with both hands, tap the bottom of the table with both hands, stand up, sit down, say, "Here's to the health of Dr. Bug-Bug!," take two big drinks, set the glass down twice, tap the top of the table two times, then twice on the bottom, stand up, sit down, stand up, sit down, say, "Here's to the health of Dr. Bug-Bug-Bug!," take three big drinks and finish the glass, set it down three times, tap the top and bottom of the table three times, stand up, sit down, stand up, sit down, stand up, sit down, and you're a doctor. But if you miss anything, you have to start all over again with a full glass. And remember, from now on, any time another doctor says, "Are you a doctor?," you have to answer, "You bet your sweet ass I am!" as loud as you can, or you owe him a beer.

310/W295S **Form 3-10** Form Approved
United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare Budget Bureau No. 76-RO284

Social Security Administration		Medicare Reimbursement Please type or print
1. Patient's Social Security Number 221-42-1509	2. Patient's Name Mrs. Horace Culper	
Patient's Address R.F.D. #4 Lebanon Rd. Rowhoe County Kansas 66206		3. Patient's Date of Birth Sept. 10, 1894
4. Nature of treatment or therapy (itemize charges)		
<p>Osteopathic therapy for rheumatoid arthritis 3 times per week for 40 weeks</p>		
Total charges \$6,000.00		
5. Claimant Practitioner's Name		
6. Practitioner's License No. 77814516	7. For the State of Kansas	
8. Address of Claimant Practitioner's Office		
I CERTIFY THAT the foregoing statements are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.		
9. Date 29-4125 NOV 1970	10. Signature of Claimant Practitioner Sign Here ►	
PENALTY—The law provides severe penalties which include fine or imprisonment or both, for the wilful submission of any statement or evidence of a material fact, knowing it to be false, or for the fraudulent acceptance of any payment to which you are not entitled.		
EXISTING STOCK OF SS-M FORM 20-4125 JUL 1968. WILL BE USED.		

WYANDOTE COUNTY HOSPITAL DISTRICT

PLAINS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Wyandote, Kansas

DATE _____

ADDRESS _____

Rx For Illegal Drugs

Refill

NR.	1	2	3
-----	---	---	---

 or the Same
Drug from another manufacturer

BNDD Reg. No. EXNDOT #347

Filled by:

M.D. No. 77814516

M.D. _____

4280

THIS PRESCRIPTION MAY BE PURCHASED AT ANY DRUG STORE

MEDICARE REIMBURSEMENT FORM 3-10. Even the best of doctors occasionally run short of the ready necessary. If it happens to you, just air mail this baby to your friendly federal government and you'll be in the green again. Mrs. Horace Culper actually does live at R.F.D. 4, Lebanon Road, Rowhoe County, Kansas, and that's her real social security number. But don't worry; she's never been to a doctor in her life, and she's not about to dodger in on one now. Besides, she's deaf as a lug wrench and illiterate anyhow and doesn't even *know* about Medicare.

Legitimate-looking prescription blank. I guess you know where the nearest shady quick print joint is? (Careful—when filling one of these out, be sure to use the proper name of the drug you want. Prescriptions for "yellow jackets," "reds," "black beauties," or "goof-balls" are likely to come under suspicion.)

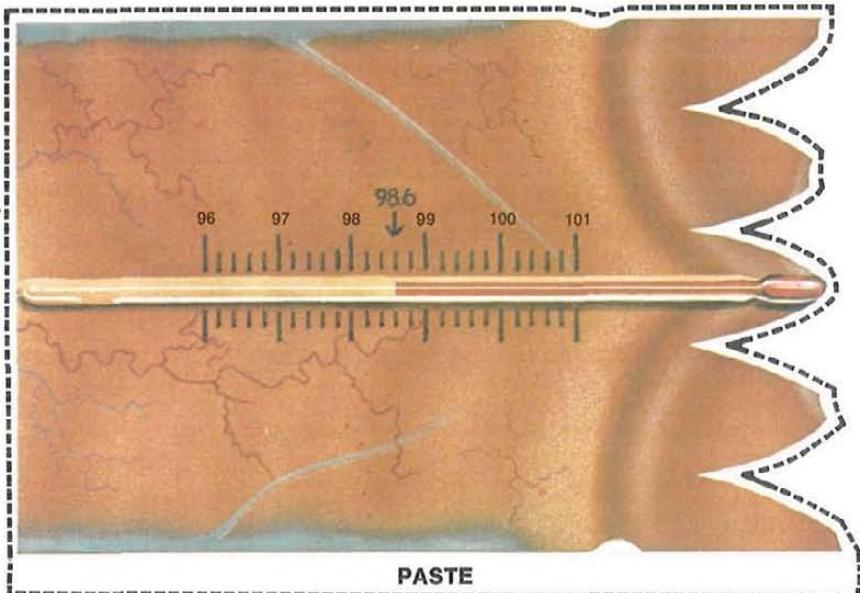


Official National Health Corps badge. Not only does it authorize you to make on-the-spot examinations of all young women whose breasts appear unusually large, pert, or well-formed (the three danger signs of malignancy in adolescent girls), but it also makes you a deputy sheriff. You can legally arrest your girl friend for fornication the next time she sneaks out with that Phi Delt from Purdue, and, as a doctor, you have a perfect right to examine the evidence.



Attach to rear bumper and it's a "medical emergency." (Physicians are scarce in America's rural areas, so no questions will be asked, and you can get a Highway Patrol escort anywhere in the Midwest if you say: "It *might* be triplets!")

Wrap around plumber's candle and paste securely.



The vaginal thermometer A what you call your "latest medical development" that "provides greater accuracy" or "functions more closely in tune with the woman patient-person's biorhythms," etc., etc., and like that. Anyway, a quick switch is no sweat, and she'll be nothing but grateful for your keeping your instruments warm.

United States Bureau of the Census Division of Vital Statistics CERTIFICATE OF DEATH						
Reg. Dist. No. 48	Primary Reg. Dist. No. 4801	For the State of _____	State File No. 174X			
Deceased	County of _____	Registrer's No. 8-3				
DECEASED—NAME	First	Middle	Last	SEX	DATE OF DEATH (Month, Day, Year)	
1. RACE	White, negro, american indian, etc. (Specify)	AGE—Last birthday (Years)	UNDER 1 YEAR Mo. Days	UNDER 1 DAY Hours Min.	DATE OF BIRTH (Month, Day, Year)	
4. CITY, VILLAGE, OR LOCATION OF DEATH	5a. 14	5b.	5c.	6.	COUNTY OF DEATH 7a. Wyandote	
7b.	7c.	7d. Doctor's office				
STATE OF BIRTH (If not in U.S.A., name country)	CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		MARRIED, NEVER MARRIED, WIDOWED, DIVORCED (Specify)	SURVIVING SPOUSE (If wife, give maiden name)		
9.	10. Never married		11. None			
SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER	WAS DECEASED EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? (Yes, no, or unknown)		(If yes, give war or dates of services)			
12a. None	12b. No					
13a. USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life, even if retired)	KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY 13b. Domestic self-employment					
13a. Baby-sitting	13b. CITY, VILLAGE, OR LOCATION	INSIDE CITY LIMITS (Specify yes or no)	STREET AND NUMBER			
14a. RESIDENCE—STATE Kansas	14b. COUNTY	14c.	14d.	14e.	(Street or R.F.D. no., city or village, state, zip)	
INFORMANT—NAME	First	Middle	Last	MAILING ADDRESS		
15a.	15b.	PART I. DEATH WAS CAUSED BY: (ENTER ONLY ONE CAUSE PER LINE FOR (a), (b), AND (c))				
16. 30 seconds						APPROXIMATE INTERVAL BETWEEN ONSET AND DEATH
IMMEDIATE CAUSE	(a) Profuse and multiple skull contusions.					
Conditions, if any, which gave rise to immediate cause (a). stating the under-lying cause last	(b) Approx. 20 blows with sharp, heavy object.					
	(c) Self-infliction.					
PART II. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS: (Conditions contributing to death but not related to cause given in part I (a))						
making threats to physician shortly before demise 17a. Yes 17b. Yes						
ACCIDENT, SUICIDE, HOMICIDE, DATE OF INJURY (Month, Day, Year)	HOUR	HOW INJURY OCCURRED (Enter nature of injury in Part I or Part II, item 16)				
18a. Suicide	18b.	18c.	18d.	Patient administered blows to self with surgical hatchet		
INJURY AT WORK (Specify yes or no)	PLACE OF INJURY (At home, farm, street, factory, office bldg., etc. (Specify))		LOCATION	(Street or R.F.D. no., city or village, state, zip)		
18e. No	18f. Doctor's office	18g.				
CERTIFICATION—Month Day Year Month Day Year	AND LAST SAW HIM/	I DID/DID NOT	DEATH OCCURRED	At the place, on the date and, to the best of my knowledge, due to the cause(s) stated.		
I ATTENDED THE DECEASED FROM TO	HER ALIVE ON	VIEW THE BODY (HOUR)				
19a.	19b.	19c.	19d. Did	19e.		
CERTIFICATION—CORONER: On the basis of the examination of the body and/or the investigation, in my opinion, death occurred on the date and due to the cause(s) stated.						
19a.	19b.	19c.	19d. Did	19e.	Hour of death	The decedent was pronounced dead Month Day Year Hour
20a. CERTIFIER—NAME (type or print)	SIGNATURE		M. 20b.	M.	DATE SIGNED	
Samuel E. Phelps	<i>S. E. Phelps</i>		Wyandote County Coroner	21c.		
MAILING ADDRESS—CERTIFIER	STREET OR R.F.D. NO.		CITY OR VILLAGE	STATE	ZIP	
21d. County Bldg.	200 Broad St., Topeka, Kansas					

Bureau of Census Form 25-478555

VALID DEATH CERTIFICATE Handy in case you ever have to ax murder an underage girl. It has been filled out in advance by our legal department in easy-to-match Smith-Corona office type. The signature of Wyandote County coroner Samuel E. Phleper is authentic. (Sam reports that he and the missus are very comfortable in their new nine-bedroom colonial split-level and that the kids get a kick out of the Winnebago Park-Czar.)

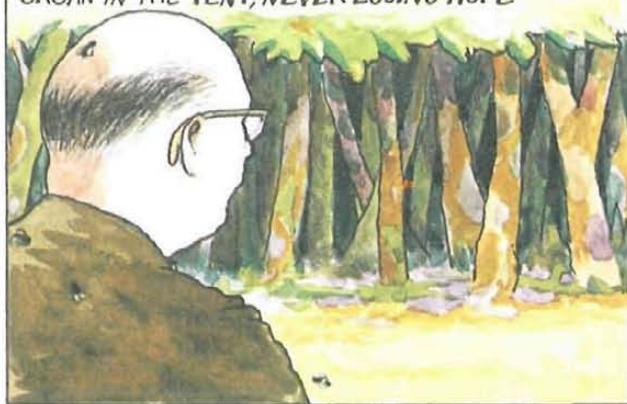
ANOTHER TRUE-LIFE PRETTY FACE IN THE FIELD OF MEDICINE

By M.K. BROWN

HELLO! MY NAME IS VIRGINIA SPEARS NGODATU, M.D. AS YOU MAY HAVE GUessed I WAS BORN IN NEW GUINEA WHERE MY PARENTS WERE MISSIONARIES. UNLIKE OTHER LITTLE GIRLS I GREW UP PLAYING WITH MONKEYS! HA HA BUT SERIOUSLY, I'VE COME A LONG WAY FROM THOSE RAT-INFESTED JUNGLES. TO THIS GAY SPOTLESS OFFICE WHERE, INCIDENTALLY, I MAKE A SMALL FORTUNE TREATING SKIN DISEASES



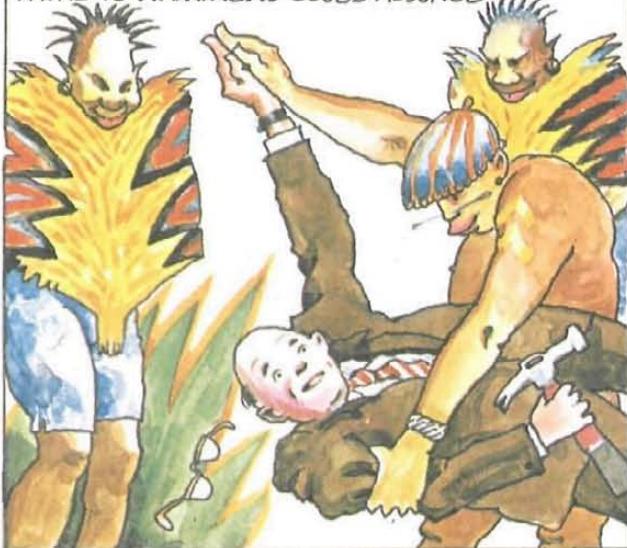
..BUT IT HASN'T ALL BEEN EASY FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS MY FATHER WAITED AT THE JUNGLE'S EDGE WITH SACKS FULL OF HAMMERS FOR THE PYGMIES WHILE POOR MOTHER PLAYED THE ORGAN IN THE TENT, NEVER LOSING HOPE



MY LONELY DAYS WERE SPENT HIGH IN THE TREETOPS WITH THE GIBBONS AND THE SPIDER MONKEYS



WHEN THE PYGMIES FINALLY CAME THERE WAS A GROSS MISUNDERSTANDING WHICH NOT EVEN FATHER'S HAMMERS COULD ASSUAGE



I WAS GLAD WHEN WE LEFT NEW GUINEA



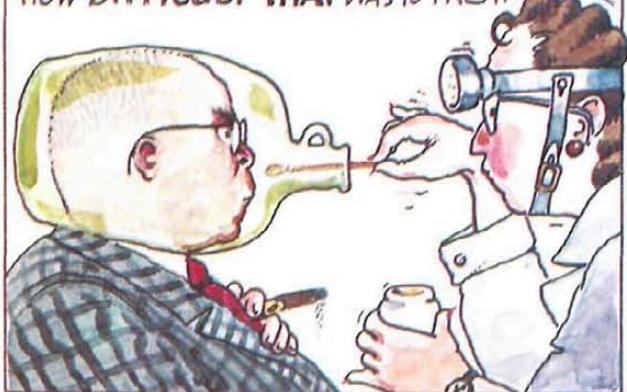
GLAD AT LONG LAST TO BE "JUST ANOTHER GIRL" AT A LEADING UNIVERSITY



GLAD AFTER CRUELING YEARS OF MEDICAL SCHOOL TO FINALLY HEAR THOSE WORDS



TO THIS DAY I REMEMBER MY FIRST CASE AND HOW VERY NERVOUS I WAS... A RETIRED ARMY COLONEL WITH A NASTY RASH. HIS HEAD WAS INSIDE A BOTTLE, SO YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW DIFFICULT THAT WAS TO TREAT



AND THEN THERE WAS THE YIPPIE WHO HAD EATEN TOO MUCH CHOCOLATE! HE FELL INTO A TRANCE AND HAD A VISION RIGHT THERE IN MY OFFICE



ALL MANNER OF PEOPLE HAVE PASSED THROUGH THIS WAITING ROOM; MOVIE STARS, POLITICIANS, KOOKS, CRIMINALS, NOBODIES. I TREAT THEM ALL! WHAT DO I CARE?



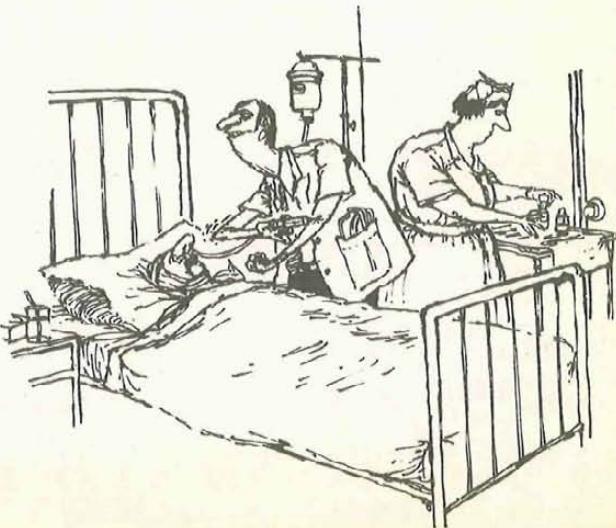
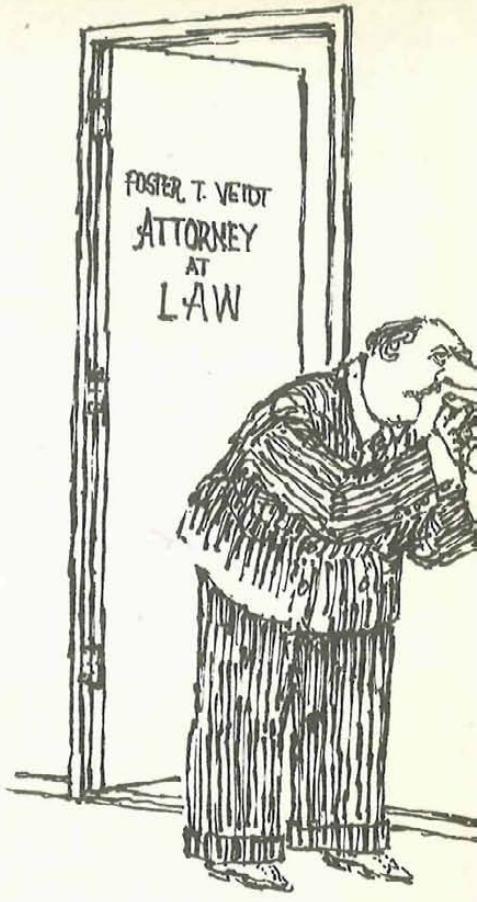
LIFE IS WONDERFUL. I LOVE BEING A DOCTOR! I LOVE SITTING AT THIS GIGANTIC DESK, DRESSED ALL IN WHITE, CLEAN INSIDE AND OUT LIKE A QUEEN WAITING FOR MY NEXT PATIENT. MAYBE IT WILL BE A MOVIE STAR - OR A JOCKEY!

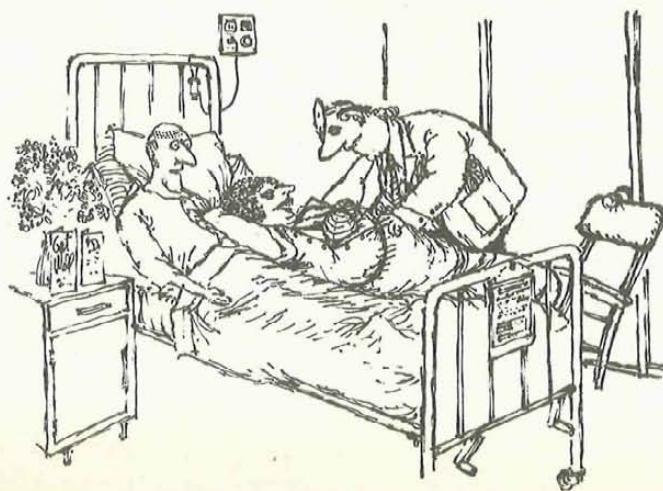


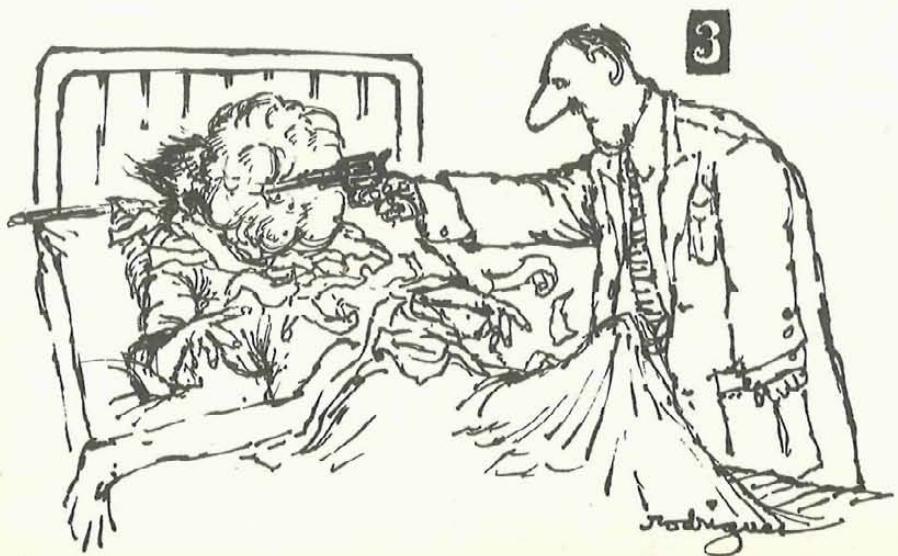
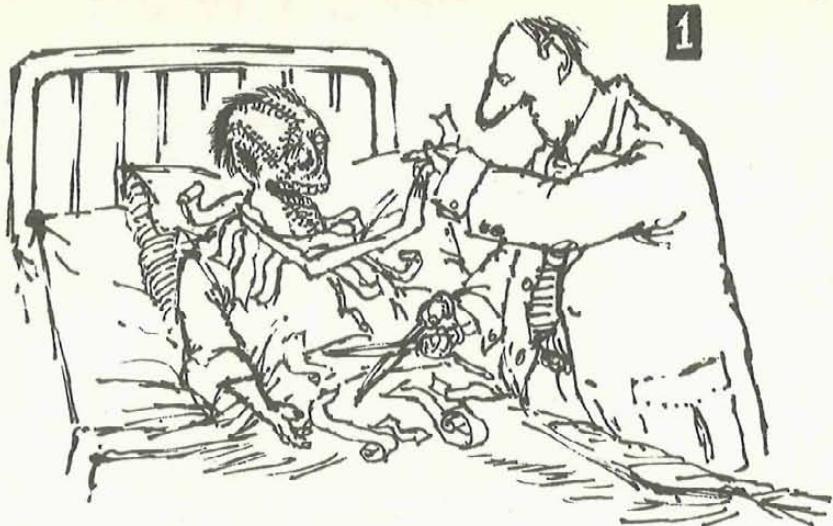
END

COMEDICS



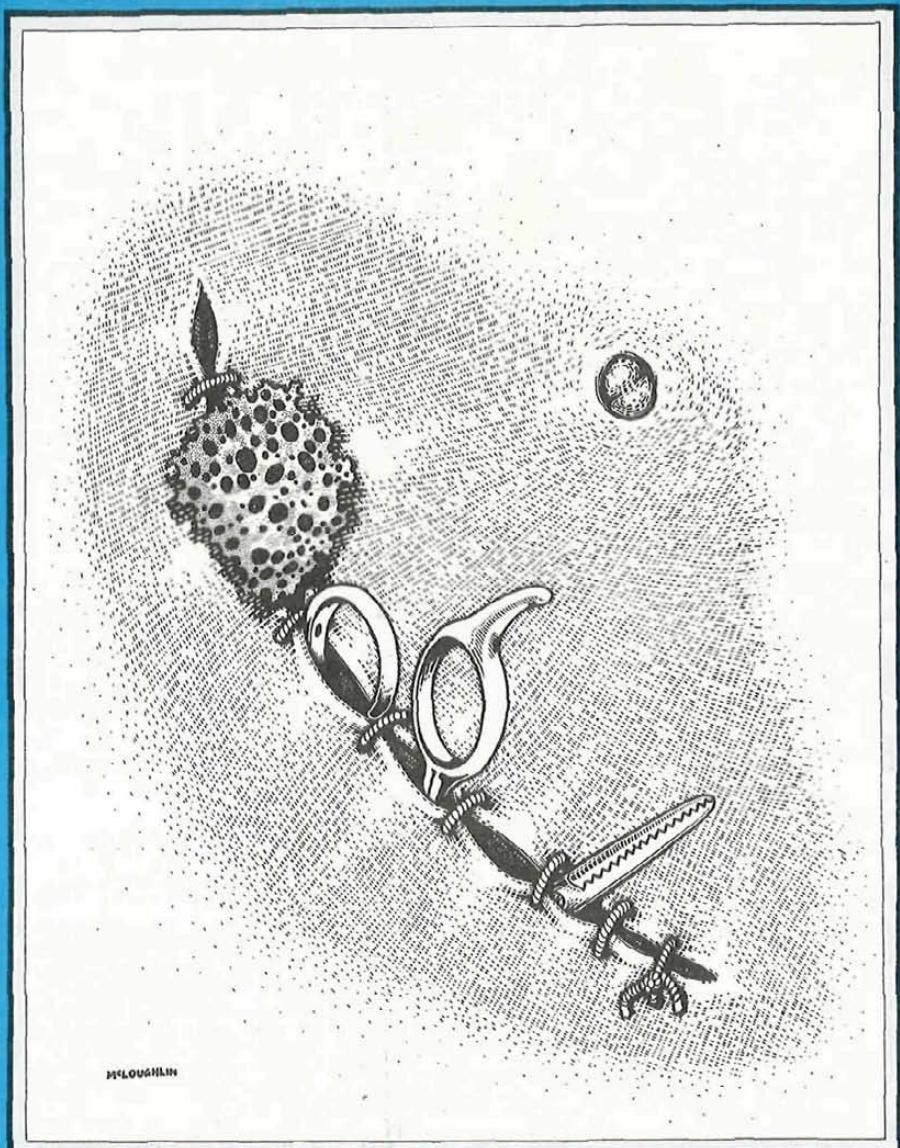






COMA

THE CIRCULAR of the Organization of Medical Associations



**So-called Malpractice:
Unethical Lawyers Making Money
off Honest Mistakes
or Unscrupulous Attorneys Profiting
from Unavoidable Accidents?**

April 16, 1975

April 16, 1975



Ethics Committee Takes Call for New Legal Definition of Death

Dr. Norman C. Tyblane, chairman of the Special Ethics Committee on the Definition of Death, formally issued his committee's report at the Senior Surgeon Society's Sixth Annual Convention at Walt Disney World. Dubbed "TransPlan 75," the SSS get-together was devoted to a sweeping study of organ transplant procedures and hence was an appropriate forum for Dr. Tyblane's call for a radical rewriting of legal and medical doctrine on what constitutes death.

Under the redefinition drafted by the Special Ethics Committee, death would be deemed to have occurred and "heroic efforts" to maintain life would be suspended once the patient arrived at a terminal state, and the following signs were observed by the physician in charge after a number of checks: fund insufficiency, stoppage of capital circulation, numismatic exhaustion, lack of liquidity, general insolvency, traumatic large-denomination currency depletion, chronically depressed cash flow levels, and irreversible pecuniary failure.

Dr. Tyblane emphasized that from an ethical point of view, organ removal in hopeless cases is the most desirable course, since it permits the doctor to save at least some small portion of his patient, even if he cannot preserve the life of the individual as a whole. The Committee's report also observed that organ removal for transplant purposes is often the only way to resolve dif-

ficult ambiguities about the exact state of the patient, since once the organ is removed—presuming it is a major one—the attending physician can with confidence pronounce the patient dead and thus spare relatives needless anguish and keep hospital facilities from incurring further burdensome costs.

Another advantage of what Dr. Tyblane termed "the asset acid test" is that it allows physicians to make a final determination of "legal tender death" based on a simple, abstract formula which frees them of the need to consider complex moral issues and impossibly imprecise biomedical measurements. "What it would all boil down to," Dr. Tyblane concluded, "is a simple matter of no tickie, no livee."

Correction

Photograph mislabeled—In the ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTION, "Control of Hypoglycemic Mysopepsia in Cataleptic Individuals Suffering from Downes' Syndrome," published in the April 2 issue (265:450-454, 1975), the photograph on page 451 carried a caption which indicated that it was a human pituitary gland affected with Holoplastic Ontrimony. The organ pictured was, in fact, a healthy mouse heart.

THE CASE AGAINST POSTNATAL ABORTION

IN that best of all possible worlds to which the late Dr. Pangloss often referred, the doctor-patient relationship would be both privileged and sacrosanct, free from the meddlesome influence of such other so-called professionals as attorneys, clergymen, politicians, etc. There is even a school of medical thought which maintains that the consent of the patient is, in most cases, an unwarranted interference with the physician's professional freedom. (The patient's bank manager, of course, might perhaps be privy to certain diagnoses and projected programs of therapy.)

However, this is not the best of all possible worlds. This is America, a land beset by creeping welfare-statism and a federal government increasingly niggardly with research grant money. A nation in which attorneys, judges, and juries of amateurs are permitted to interfere in those life-and-death decisions which by right and tradition only a doctor can make.

The most obvious area of judicial interference today is, of course, the theater of operations known as therapeutic abortion. When abortions were simply against the law, things were simple. The precious doctor-patient relationship remained intact. We performed the abortions, they paid for them, and neither of us was about to go bleating to the civil authorities about it. In addition to which, there was no need for us to declare such fees as accrued under those circumstances, eliminating yet another area of government interference in medical ethics—income taxes. Of course, it was too good to last. Certain laymen, using such terms as death, life, and pain (the precise meanings of which they cannot possibly grasp), interfered, with predictable results. Soon every traffic cop, circuit judge, journalist, and nun was telling us when we could perform surgery, what we could remove, and whether or not it should be kept breathing.

Then the Supreme Court got into the act. The result was a further erosion of the physician's professional right to decide who should live and who should not; for while the Supreme Court's ruling did leave the decision up to the doctor, it narrowed the area in which he could exercise his discretion, and implied that his decision was subject to review by the courts.

And this is precisely what happened in the Edelin case in Boston, where a civilian jury, none of whom was qualified to perform a simple D and C, found Dr. Edelin guilty of manslaughter against a fetus. We have no doubt that Dr. Edelin will come out of this all right. If he is forced to abandon his practice, he can always make a decent living as an entertainer.

However, there is a principle, a precedent, involved, and other doctors may be neither so fortunate nor so naturally rhythmic.

Right now, your O.M.A. lobby in Washington is working harder than ever to have all bureaucratic socialist restrictions removed from the profession. Several bills will come before the house this session recommending that in cases of pregnancy, old age, possible organ transplant donorship, or nonpayment of doctor's bills, the physician alone may and shall judge whether life need

be uselessly sustained.

But until this desirable legislation is passed, we must deal with this less than best of all possible worlds. We are, after all, practical men, many of us with families. It is the recommendation of the O.M.A. standing subcommittee on legal infringement that no physician perform an abortion at this time or for the foreseeable future. To be on the safe side, one should avoid prescribing birth control devices and cold showers. This will hardly result in economic hardship on the doctors' part, since obstetrics remains a lucrative field, and one in which the trained abortionist can easily practice by the simple expedient of doing everything backwards. But there remains the problem of the supernumerary infant, the unloved and unwanted child who may grow up a neurotic misfit, and possibly vote for extended Medicare, if not outright communism.

We have consulted the chairpersons of all the "Right to Life" groups in the country, and are assured by them that they have no objection—indeed, they encourage—*postnatal abortion*. Techniques approved as moral include electrocution, hanging, gassing, napalm bombing, and machine gunning of troublesome babies.

It is important to distinguish the perfectly legal termination of life from the practice of postnatal abortion as defined by Dr. Ernest T. Bostick of the New Jersey Medical School in the British Medical Journal *Scalpel*. Bostick reasoned that, "Since the development of the human body proceeds in a relatively uninterrupted process from conception to the middle twenties, before biological adulthood results in stabilization, individuals below the age of the hundredth trimester are, technically, postpartum fetuses in an extrauterine environment."

Dr. Bostick's faultless logic ("Since senility sets in at the moment of biological stasis, the physician is within his rights to practice indicated euthanasia at or beyond that age," he argues, clearly giving medical practitioners their traditional privilege of mortal decision over every individual) assumes, however, a utopia in which the state has no business in the consulting or operating room.

But, as we have said, America is no such utopia, and abortion, pre- or postpartum, is still subject to investigation by ambulance-chasing lawyers and judges.

The surgical technique we recommend to Association members is a simple one (and there is little risk to the mother). Immediately after the delivery of the infant, the obstetrician makes a citizen's arrest upon it for disturbing the peace and indecent exposure. (A citizen's arrest is perfectly legal, but many physicians have had themselves deputized, as a precautionary measure.) The infant then resists arrest, and is shot.

There can be no objection from right-to-lifers (who are all law-and-order advocates), nor from liberal bleeding hearts (who are all zero-population-growthers). The .38 caliber Police Special favored by most practitioners is available at cost from the Association, and, as a surgical instrument, is tax deductible.

CANNABIS SATIVA-INDUCED GYNECOMASTIA

Marijuana Smoking Linked to Growth of Breasts in Men

F.T.D. Duck, M.D.

• In a triple blind clinical evaluation, fifteen- to twenty-one-year-old males regularly using large amounts of euphoria-inducing plant resins underwent traumatic physical changes. This unusual result may be directly related to known harmful effects of lysergic acid on chromosomes, retinas, Quaaludes on hundred-yard-dash times, and heroin on the balance of payments.

(Coma 23:116-118, 1923)

THE OCCURRENCE of nonideopathic mammary enlargement in adolescent and adult male users of "mary jane" or marijuana has been suspected by the average G.P. since the drug's invention in 1917. Up until now, only a total lack of clinical evidence has kept this important link in the background along with radical leeching, blood-letting, and therapeutic homicide. This association, to my knowledge, has not been reported previously in a responsible professional journal. It is hoped that this brief report will help advance that date considerably.

Report of a Case

Two seventeen-year-old white "hippie" youths were admitted to the Brookline Hospital's Drive-In While-U-Wait Clinic complaining of what at first appeared to be common external sternoclavicular irritation due to improper hygiene habits (Ginsberg's rot). On physical examination, however, two large lumps of fatty tissue were discovered on both client's thoracic regions complicated by a marked inability to remember the extent of their major medical coverage or parents' gross annual incomes.

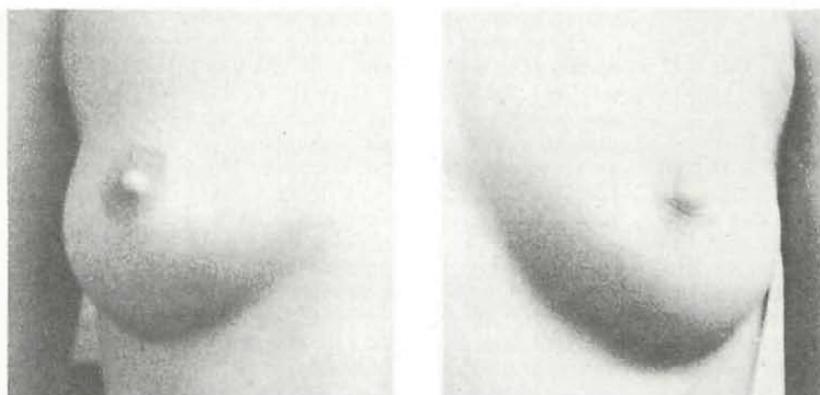


Fig. 1.—Left, advanced marijuana-induced gynecomastia. Right, a normal, undiseased female jug.

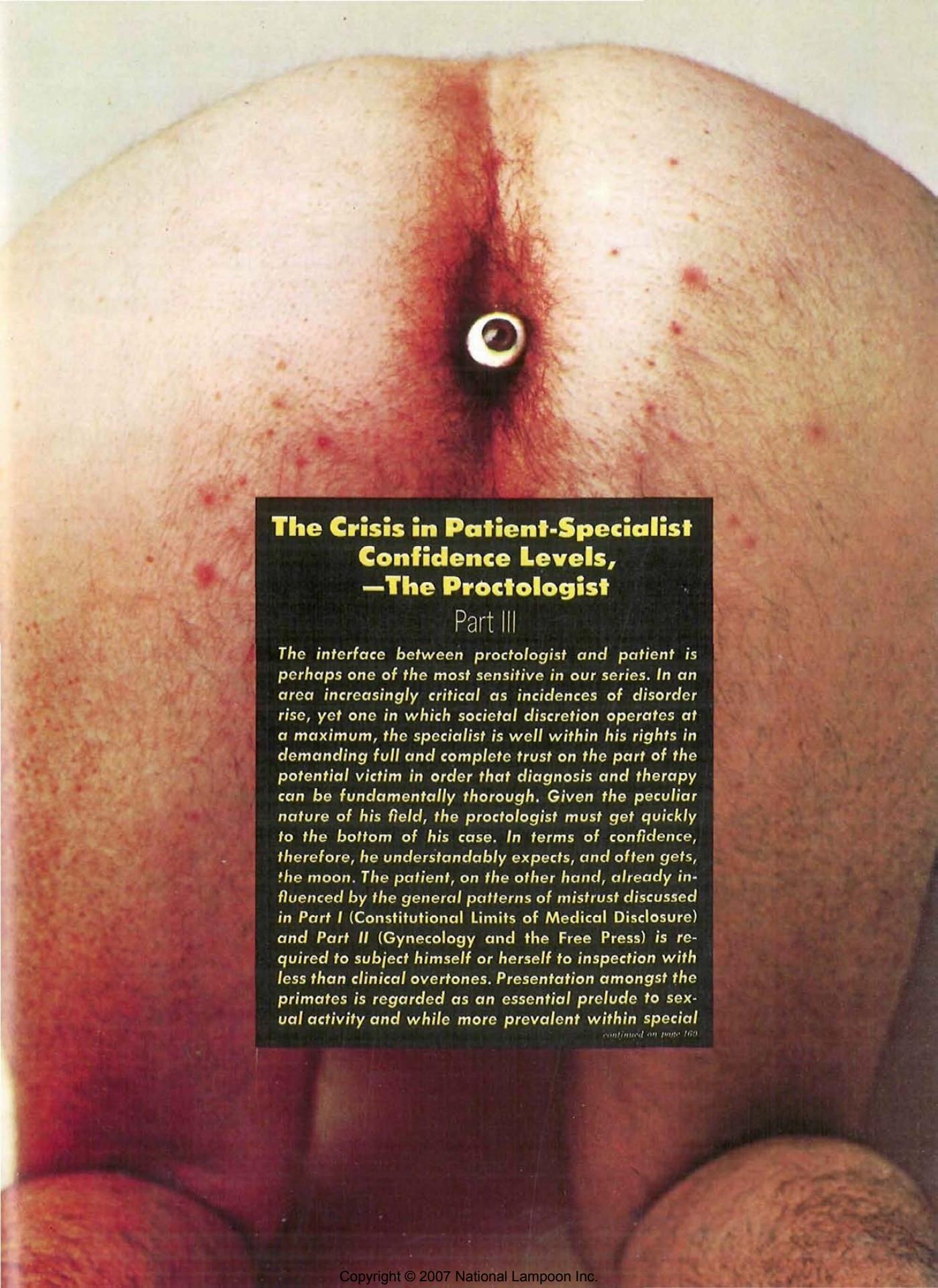
Upon further questioning at the police station, the youths admitted that they had frequently used *Cannabis sativa* (the active ingredient in legally diluted aspirin) for a "thrill" or, on weekends, "a total freak-in." During the course of standard tests for pain and stupidity tolerance, the health-buyers reacted normally; the taller and more attractive of the two was even able to remember long portions of dialogue from *Marcus Welby* and, with electric stimulation, the phone number of his bank.

Over the next eight years, the writer had considerable opportunity to visit and study these purchasers in a controlled environment, and, in 1973, just shortly before their release, finally got to do the tall one up the ass.

Comment

These customers proved to have identical paired swellings on their chests which failed repeatedly to respond to standard androgenic hormonal injections. Physically, both specimens appeared otherwise to be in relatively good health (with the single exception of a large hemorrhoid that gradually appeared on the taller one, but which subsequently proved to be benign and actually quite tasty with a little salt).

In addition to the enlargement of the mammary glands, marijuana smoking may also account for the radical shrinkage of the penile and scrotal tissues and monthly blood discharges exhibited by both youths. So advanced was the shrinkage by the time the youths were admitted, in fact, that neither consumer was capable, upon digital, semivoluntarily-induced stimulation, to produce more than a token erection from these atrophied organs. This result, combined with closer inspection of the large, gooey, hair-covered opening that had appeared in places of the penises, may possibly account for the youths' subsequent predilection for women's clothing and prune whip yogurt, two reliable indicators of abnormal and undesirable sexual (continued next issue)



The Crisis in Patient-Specialist Confidence Levels, —The Proctologist

Part III

The interface between proctologist and patient is perhaps one of the most sensitive in our series. In an area increasingly critical as incidences of disorder rise, yet one in which societal discretion operates at a maximum, the specialist is well within his rights in demanding full and complete trust on the part of the potential victim in order that diagnosis and therapy can be fundamentally thorough. Given the peculiar nature of his field, the proctologist must get quickly to the bottom of his case. In terms of confidence, therefore, he understandably expects, and often gets, the moon. The patient, on the other hand, already influenced by the general patterns of mistrust discussed in Part I (Constitutional Limits of Medical Disclosure) and Part II (Gynecology and the Free Press) is required to subject himself or herself to inspection with less than clinical overtones. Presentation amongst the primates is regarded as an essential prelude to sexual activity and while more prevalent within special

continued on page 160

It's her third visit this month for those "funny pains." What do you prescribe?



Placebin® (placebo)

Let's face it, she gives you a pain. You know she got her symptoms out of an old medical encyclopedia and she's just looking for something to talk about with the girls. And you'd like nothing better than to tell her so. But she's wealthy, and she pays those inflated bills for office visits without a quibble. In full. On time. Writing her off would be writing a prescription for financial disaster.

Instead, write a prescription for Placebin® (placebo). There are twenty different placebos in the Riche Placebin® family to choose from. Each contains a slightly different formula-

tion of totally inactive¹ ingredients—chalk, sugar², cellulose, and bone meal—and each is supplied as a tablet or capsule in a wide variety of different shapes and colors.

In addition, every Placebin® comes with a detailed printed "diagnosis" containing descriptions of a realistic, nonexistent malady or disorder and a generalized "prognosis" with a high degree of vagueness to insure conformance to standard hypochondriac complaints. You select the Placebin® that most closely approximates the patient's "ailment."

So, for patients who try your patience, prescribe Riche Placebins®. With the time you save—and the money you make—you can prescribe a little golf or a spin in the yacht for yourself.

Riche Placebins® currently available

Uselase	Mendacin-B
Invalin	Apocryphol
Futol-20	Fabricane-500
Prevaricol	Simulacrum
Pseudol	Pretensin
Quasine-II	Equivicine-HCl
Spuriasse	Mythicol
Fallacin	Camouflagin-S

INDICATIONS: Hypochondria.
CONTRAINDICATIONS: None.
WARNINGS: None.

PRECAUTIONS: Avoid prescribing the same Placebin® for widely varying disorders.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: None.

DOSAGE: No more than 500 tablets or capsules per day.

HOW SUPPLIED: 10 mg, 25 mg, 50 mg, and 100 mg tablets and capsules.

¹A .0000001 mg trace dosage of belladonna has been included in formulations to qualify Placebins® as drugs requiring prescription.

²For diabetic hypochondriacs, specify Placebin-D series.

Riche Laboratories
Grinley, New Jersey 09210

Selected Abstracts

Cont.

WOUND—NEW YORK

An Advanced Surgical Technique for Obduclating the Subhermesic Lemia in Cases of Phagolysisis of the Glabnoid Famnia

R.M. DELBLATT et al (Roslindale VA Hospital, Roslindale, MA) *Wound* 4:198-201 (Mar. 4) 1975

Instead of fibroinfarcting the demacious clostria with clastic virotrons and tissular hemocysts, asphorixic diophane is administered in the loristic region with a miasmometer clamped to a nictographic hylotoscope, and following subfemoglycrastical neurymsis of the pyrexia dylastica and cystodony of the bronchocardial ventrimosa, the entire splered body, together with the bifid nemotolalia, are cut out with a tiny chainsaw.

QUÄK—STOCKHOLM

Cross-Transmission of Revenue Producing Diseases Among Private Inpatients Receiving Treatment in Ward Environments

R. OLVAAG et al (Imoversataat Svenska Medikaa, Malmö, Sweden) *Quäk* 36:122-125 (Mar. 7) 1975

In states with large socialized medicine structures, physicians must develop novel techniques to stimulate revenue growth in the small areas of private practice they are able to maintain. One method is to insure longer stays by private patients in hospitals and to achieve as high a rate of convalescent complications as is consistent with retaining a license to practice medicine.

ZLEIZ UND KUTT—STUTTGART

Selective Use of Fear and Pain in Obtaining Informed Consent for Major Surgery

P. HELTZNER et al (Das Klinik Kompl-zomedikalexaktdirektachten, Frankfurt, W. Germany) *Zleiz und Kutt*, 47:651-658 (Mar.) 1975

Deep reluctance to undergo certain radical surgical procedures is endemic, even in advanced countries with educated populations. In order to overcome patient doubt and thus maintain high operating room occupancy rates and keep to tight schedules, a careful program of anxiety-producing statements, "playlets" (sometimes involving professional actors), and displays of colored photographs of medical oddities is employed. If success is not achieved, a variety of drugs and instruments are used to help the patient in his decision-making process by subjecting him to an environment of unbearable pain.

Emily Post's Bedside Manners 12th Edition

Should you tell a dying patient of his condition informally or send a formal printed note? Is it all right to pick up kidney transplants with your gloves, or should you use a forceps? What is the proper way to introduce the comatose? Which side does the spleen go on?

The answers to all your questions on medical etiquette are in this handy office reference work—for years, the final authority on proper practice.

\$12.95

COMPRESS INC.,
Great Barrington, Mass.

PHYSICIANS WANTED CONT.

SENIOR BRAIN SPECIALIST—BOARD CERTIFIED—must have experience in "heroic effort" life maintenance, unmarried, highly discreet, to work in private ward on special project, Parkland Hospital, Dallas, Texas. 808-714-8400

SITUATIONS WANTED

VETERINARIAN WITH LONG EXPERIENCE WISHES TO try other medical fields—obs, gyn, etc. Over 15 years in animal work, much of it treating large, human-like animals, incl. cows, pigs. Willing to start with charity cases. Box 3187 W, c/o O.M.A.

PRACTICES FOR SALE

LUCRATIVE GENERAL PRACTICE IN SAN DIEGO in Spanish speaking neighborhood. Gross over \$150,000 annually from the greasers with my eyes closed—you can, too. Should be able to speak some spic. Box 1342 P, c/o O.M.A.

COSMETIC SURGERY PRACTICE FOR SALE IN MIDWESTERN CITY. Take a bulge out here, put it in somewhere else. Trim the fatties, flatten the flatties. A child could do it (my son was my chief assistant until he went to high school). No night calls, no weekend work. Over \$100,000 annually. Make extra \$\$\$ with list of prominent nose jobs. Box 2157 P, c/o O.M.A.

UNUSUAL, HIGHLY LUCRATIVE BIG CITY PRACTICE for sale. Specializing in handling "depression," through prescription medication. Forced to retire suddenly. Caixa Postale 156, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

FOR SALE

IMPRESSIVE LOOKING MACHINE WITH LIGHTS, DIALS, BUZZERS, levers, gauges, etc. Operates on normal household currency. Emits realistic sparks, pale blue glow, powerful whine. Box 1341 F, c/o O.M.A.

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When opportunity makes an appointment, be sure you're ready. With Reprisol®, you can give an unsuspecting victim 48-72 of the most unpleasant hours of his life.

Indications: Severe antagonism or antipathy towards patient.

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Warnings: Chronic administration of doses over 100 mg. per day may cause death.

Precautions: Prescribe minimum effective dose (six 50-mg. tablets) wherever possible to protect against discovery and analysis of remaining unutilized portion of prescription in event of traumatic reaction.

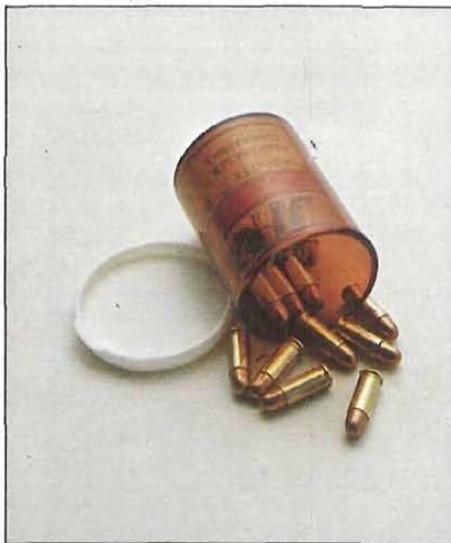
Side Effects: Headache, palpitations, anoxia, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, tachycardia, angina pectoris, nasal congestion, flushing, lacrimation, conjunctivitis, peripheral neuritis, paresthesias, numbness, cramps, depression, disorientation anxiety, hypersensitivity, rash, urticaria, pruritus, fever, chills, arthralgia, eosinophilia, hepatitis, constipation, difficulty in micturition, dyspnea, paralytic ileus, lymphadenopathy, splenomegaly, blood dyscrasias, leukopenia, agranulocytosis, purpura, dysarthria, ataxia, jaundice, incontinence, tremor, vertigo, urinary retention, blurred vision, hallucinations, muscle spasticity, neutropenia, abdominal cramps, bloating, choreiform and/or dystonic movements, orthostatic hypotensive episodes, bradykinetic episodes, paranoid ideation, dementia, gastrointestinal bleeding, hemolytic anemia, myospasms, sialorrhea, bruxism, blepharospasm, trismus, flatulence, diplopia, hot flashes, dark sweat and/or urine, temporary loss of vision, sinusitis, bleeding of the gums, loss of hair, stool retention, and coma.

Dosage: One 50-mg. tablet every four hours for 24 hours. Repeat if continued effect is desired.

How Supplied: Tablets, in mislabeled bottles of 100 and 1000. **Caution:** Not available by prescription. Always dispense in unmarked container. Write direct to manufacturer to obtain supply.

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sulphur-carbon-potassium
nitrate compound)
for cerebral infusion
where euthanasia is indicated.
Cartridges of .32c, .38c, and .45c.



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"What Jimmy Buffett knows is that our personal musical history lies at the curious hinterland where Hank Williams and Xavier Cugat meet with somewhat less animosity than the theoreticians would have us believe."

—Tom McGuane, annotator, *A White Sport Coat and A Pink Crustacean*, 1973

"Pick it, Coral Reefers...here we go!"

—Jimmy Buffett, *ibid*, 1973

Jimmy Buffett is a songsmith, a storyteller, a strummer and a plucker, and he even does a time-step or two. He is everything except categorizable, and he will make your socks roll up and down. *AIA* is his new album, and not a moment too soon.





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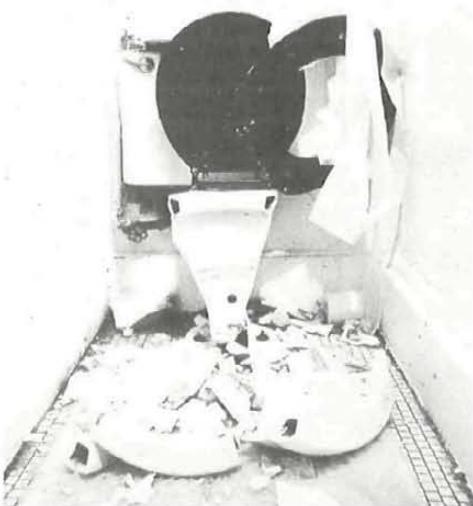
SEVERE HEART PAIN AGAIN, MR. CROYD?
 WELL, TREN FILE GASTRUMS, VENCH
 SOME PORT FERNS IN KRESTER
 BUT NOT ORDERLY, AND CALL
 ME BACK IN TWO WEEKS.



Sometimes silent— always deadly.

What is TF?

TF is the nation's Number One Killer.



Here are six of the 140 warning signs of TF:

- Localized cloud formations.
- Defoliated trees and shrubs.
- Peeling wallpaper.
- Scorched mattresses.
- Lack of friends and acquaintances.
- Unaccountable pet deaths.

**TF—
 it's not to be sniffed at.**

For further information contact: The TF Foundation, Los Alamos, New Mexico

TF FOUNDATION CAMPAIGN
 MAGAZINE AD NO. UW-4-74—7" x 10" (110 SCREEN)



without doubt it would receive excellent reviews from the one magazine in the country qualified both to talk to today's young folks and to make them laugh—not to mention continued coverage for many months thereafter on its progress.

Where, though, even if our putative producer saw the wisdom of all this, would he find the appropriate script? Curiously, it just so happens that a very funny movie script about pirates by someone whose name bears a remarkable resemblance to one of the editors of this periodical has just found its way into the multi-desked approval system of Universal. Although we cannot reveal the name of this masterpiece of comedy lest we bias the excellent men and women of that company against the many other funny movie scripts about pirates that they must be reading, we can say this: Its beginning is superb, its action sensational, and its ending a humdinger.

Since the moneys which make principal photography possible have not yet changed hands, we can't say with absolute certainty that it will ultimately be Universal who is lucky enough to produce this picture. Since our concern is not with the surefire gold mine aspects of the production, however, but with our readers' enjoyment, we must add that it doesn't matter *who* actually makes it; and that if there is anyone else, preferably from a prominent studio, who feels that Universal is not quite right for it, they should contact the author before it's too late. What we can say with certainty is that when this sublimely funny movie is finally made, every cent of the hard-won three or four dollars our readers are usually so reluctant to shell out at the box office will be well spent.

T.H.

A lot of people who read this magazine think that Antarctica is a grim and grisly place, a barren, frozen waste where nothing grows except for clumsy little birds and an occasional Frenchman in a rubber suit. When vacation time rolls around, and they make a list of the places where they want to go to spend their tourist dollars, Antarctica always comes out dead last. We know our readers feel this way, because we ask them when we see them in the supermarket or the corner bar.

"Don't be so quick to judge," we tell them. "The South Pole might be fun."

"Oh yeah," they answer, "how the hell do you know?" And that's where they've got us. We don't know. We can't convince our nearly 7 million readers, who spend somewhere in the

neighborhood of \$15 million annually on tours and other forms of travel, that Antarctica might be the proper place to drop their tourist dollars, because we haven't been to Antarctica either! Are you listening, Mr. Lindblad? We know you're out there 'cause we see your tour ads every week in *The New Yorker*. The ones for the little white ships with diving bells, and French cuisine, and Norwegian crewmen who can wrestle polar bears and make the walruses swim right up to your Kodak Instamatic? We'd like to change our readers' minds, Mr. Lindblad, but it looks as though we need your help.

J.W.

SUBTERRANEAN SCUM
486 SQUARE PICAS OF OLD BILGE
This Month: 'SADLY DILUTE BOMB

FANTASIES' O

Let's tell the reading audience just what Gail's fantasy really is!

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CLOED
RIGHT, BOB!
GAIL HERE
IOWA WANTS TO BE A
COPPER ALLOY

Send Your fantasies to Mr. Harold Cineen, TCC Americas
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"Knuckles" Mahoney won't be Home Tonight...

... because Knuckles, once a modest vacuum cleaner salesman, is now a carefree, footloose "brother of the wind".

Knuckles wears Roach T-shirts because they suit his lifestyle: "Like fer' instance, this one I got on here. I been wearing it for eight weeks straight."

Roach. Take it from Knuckles. Or better yet, get your own.

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to hope for admission. But if you think that's the *real* reason it's impossible to get into medical school—then, Mr. Reader, your peachy-pink naïveté is peeking out the leg-hole of your fancy nylon jogger's shorts. Doctors are *all* favored sons of the rich and powerful men in this world. They are the scions of dictators, generals, heads of states, financial barons, and rubber czars; the offspring of moguls, princes, potentates, chairmen of the boards of huge multinational cartels, and masters of vast plantations in those far-flung corners of the earth where life is still cheaper than a well-mixed Rum Collins. Thus, the remarkable privileges allowed physicians. Plus, doctoring gives these young people something to do.

Of course, there are no black or "colored" doctors. Those Negroes and gibbering dusky foreigners you've seen calling themselves medical men in our big city hospitals are actually the mercenary troops of third-world private armies studying the human body here stateside in order to exact more effective forms of pain when interrogating miscreant intellectuals and communist sympathizers. Nor are there any women doctors. Doctors who appear to be women are, in reality, just rich boys who like to, well, "dress up." You catch my meaning. And stay away from lady proctologists.

Anyway, you can see why you aren't a doctor; or, I should say, "why you didn't *used to be* a doctor." Because included with this article is everything you need to pass yourself

off as a licensed practitioner and open the confines of your unappealing life to fun, money, and universal respect.

Something holding you back? Think you don't know the first thing about medicine, for instance? *Put your mind at ease.* You know what rich kids are like. They spend all their time wrecking sports cars and getting pushed into swimming pools by the Kennedys. If there were anything tough about being a doctor, they'd all go into hotel/motel management or something. But they don't. That's because there's really not much to modern medicine. Once upon a time, maybe—what with all that leeching and cupping and tiresome fresh air cures. But no more. Nowadays, all diseases are divided into two types: fatal and nonfatal. There's nothing you can do about fatal diseases, so *anything* you do will be fine with everyone concerned, since there's nothing to be done. Penicillin cures everything else. And penicillin is nothing but bread mold:

Nonfatal Disease	Therapy or Treatment
Equine Encephalitis	1 slice of moldy bread every 4 hrs. for 6 days
Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever	2 slices of moldy bread before meals for a week
Influenza	3 slices of moldy bread at bedtime until symptoms subside
Viral Pneumonia	Initial dose of 1 loaf moldy bread followed by 3 to 5 days of moldy bread therapy
Infectious Mononucleosis	1 slice of moldy bread on waking each day for a month and plenty of bed rest
Mumps	3 slices of moldy bread at meals for 9 days
Acute Follicular Conjunctivitis	2 1/2-loaf treatments administered at an interval of 8 hrs.
Chicken Pox	Moldy bread plasters applied to eruptions

Serum Hepatitis	Regular diet of moldy bread, fresh fruit, and vegetables for term of disease
Scarlet Fever	3 tsp. of loose bread mold every 3 hrs. for duration of rash
Bronchitis	Bread mold respirator twice a day for 5 days.
Impetigo	Wash infected areas with bread mold daily
Tonsillitis	Paint throat with moldy bread at bedtime
Whooping Cough	3 slices of moldy bread every morning and evening while cough persists
Sydenham's Chorea	6 to 12 slices of moldy bread per day for 12 days
Salmonella	Maintain moldy bread toast diet for 2 days
Typhoid Fever	2 slices of moldy bread hourly for the first three days followed by 1 slice every three hours for a week
Amebic Dysentery	Gradual administration of moldy bread in increasing dosages
Tularemia	Moldy bread set out in epidemic wildlife areas is an effective prophylactic
Diphtheria	1 loaf of moldy rye bread per day until fever breaks
Yaws	6 moldy bread crusts every night for 2 weeks
Jaundice	2 tsp. bread mold crumbs with meals
Intestinal Flukes	Rectal administration of moldy bread pudding
Lump Jaw	Cold moldy bread compress will reduce swelling
Urethritis	1 administration of 3 loaves of moldy bread
Gonorrhea	1 administration of 6 loaves of moldy bread
Syphilis	3 administrations of 8 loaves of moldy bread

That's pretty much all you need to know. As for the rest—anybody can slap a Band-Aid on, and babies plop right out of their own accord. Christ, peasant women the world over just waddle to the edge of the field every nine months, grunt twice, smear the brat with mud, and go back to harrowing turnips or whatever. All that lollygagging in bed our wives and mothers do is just to get attention.

Well, that's that—nothing but layers of sham and deceit, as you can

continued on page 98





Our Insides

Each human body has more wiring, tubing, insulation, filters, and circuitry than the entire Bell system. Our digestive tract alone, if stretched out in one straight line, would allow us to have dinner in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and pass our wastes in Lexington, Kentucky.

OUR WONDERFUL BODIES

by Brian McConnachie

For a moment, mentally picture yourself standing in front of a full-length mirror. Behold the body. Let's, for the purpose of example, imagine ourselves as a national park. Our eyes are two ranger stations on the constant lookout for forest fires and rampaging bears. The face is our own private Mt. Rushmore, which serves as our identification. Our arms and legs, giant redwoods; and the tufts of hair at the top of each, foliage. Toes and fingers are knotty roots, and there are additional bushes growing on the top of the monument. Standing firm and serene, we are Nature's trophy and a woodsman's paradise. But now, imagine a motorcycle gang or some of those rampaging bears invading our picnic area (the stomach). Knocking over trash pails and zooming along unauthorized paths, they have disturbed the serenity of the park, and official action must be taken. The rangers in the ranger station are helpless to do anything for two reasons. First, because they cannot see the trouble (it is

directly below them), and secondly, it is not their job. They are forest rangers assigned to survey everything and they cannot leave their posts. What will happen? How will this mayhem be stilled? Just then, a glacier of late-melting winter snow falls into a nearby stream overflowing the stream which in sequence flushes the motorcycle gang and the rampaging bears with the force of a Niagara right out the front of our Rushmore.

It all seems quite simple; but it isn't.

The human body is probably the greatest marvel in the wonderful world around us. In our wildest understandings, we can just begin to comprehend the myriad, complex functions which go on ceaselessly, from the day of our birth to the day when it all just stops. For as much as we have come to know about the body, there is that much again to learn. But thanks to modern techniques and the official cooperation of state hospitals, nursing homes, and prisons, our scientific explorers are,



The Fifteenth Islet of Langerhans
Magnified 2,000 times. Its job is to make sure that the little shelf that your heart rests on gets enough to eat.



The Hernia
Located in the lower abdomen, it is considered by many as Nature's retribution to men for already having given women the menstrual cycle.



Green Corpuscles,
resting. An important part of our body when we lived in the sea, green corpuscles once did a thriving business manufacturing our scales. Displaced by their more imaginative red and white colleagues, there is not much left for them to do.

day by day, closing in on the mysterious, uncharted territories that abound within us. Perhaps one day we will know all there is to know about the body; but until that day comes, we must content ourselves with the wonders of how the liver makes bile, the miracle of wisdom teeth, and the timely function of sweat glands.

It has been often said and it is true: We take our bodies for granted. Though we pay rapt attention to our outside shell, we expect our inside to do its job, as we do our jobs, and not complain like older parents who sometimes feel neglected and whine about their condition. We live our lives relatively unaware of all the unbridled inventiveness going on inside. Only when we are forced to defecate or expel a mouthful of mucus or remove congealed darkened phlegm clinging to our nostril hairs do we outwardly share in the wondrous process. Silently and efficiently, the body does what it must do to keep us on our feet in search of further nourishment. It is per-

haps that the body's quiet labors are conducted with such stealth which eventually lulls us into our understandable neglect. We can't see the functions and we certainly can't hear them. If our bone marrow made whizzing and churning sounds when it produced blood and our muscles made ripping and snapping noises and our white corpuscles gave out maniacal banshee cries every time they attacked invading bacteria, we would, no doubt, be comforted by the industrious sounds of craft. But that would be impractical, and the body must have reasons of its own for conducting itself the way it does. Save for the faint beat of the heart and the barely perceptible exchange of our breath, there are no outward signs of the diligence within. One could almost believe it didn't want us to know. It is always so quiet.

But when the body wants something, there is no end to which it won't go. It wakes us up in the middle of the night if it is thirsty and makes us get it a glass of

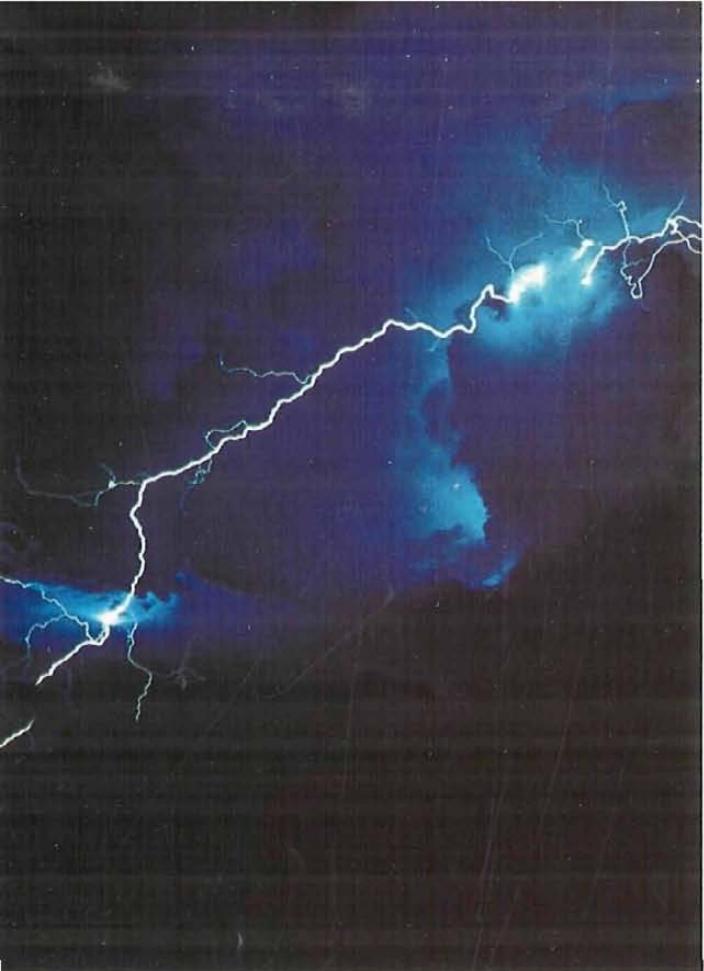


The Eyebrow
Magnified fifty times, no two eyebrows are alike. Though they are exactly alike when magnified only two or three times.



The Liver

The object of the raging debate whether the liver was a muscle or an organ has finally been settled recently when the liver was declared to be a gland.



The Head

Captured on film is the inside of a Chinaman's brain while the Chinaman was attempting to pronounce the letter *l*.



A Healthy Pancreas

is the hardest working organ in the body. It filters blood, digests food, cleans up your stomach after meals, regulates the heartbeat, supervises over the small and large intestines, controls the muscles, produces calcium for the bones, keeps us walking in an upright position, and was responsible for inventing the opposable thumb.

water. If it is in need of sexual release, it'll march us all over town until it finds its own brand of fulfillment. If for some reason it becomes angry with us, its recourses are seemingly endless: inflate the appendix, manufacture gallstones, leave the air passage open when we are eating bulky food, to name but a few. It can make us walk into doors, hit ourselves in the thumb with hammers, make us jump into freezing cold waters. It can humiliate us in front of our friends by urinating in our clothing. It can make us fall asleep when we don't want to fall asleep. And while asleep, it can scare us half to death by conjuring up monstrous images, tossing us off of a cliff or out of a tree. On a capricious whim, it can make just our legs fall asleep, or our eyes cross, or lower things out our nose. It can do anything it wants. It makes up 94 percent of us, and there is nothing we can do about it. Our meager 6 percent shell just has to go along. It can make us run till we drop from exhaustion, swim till we about drown, and get us into punching fights with one another. These are the cold, indisputable facts, and there is no way around them. If we attempt to take control by drugging our bodies with liquor or pills, its defenses simply release all of our muscle tension, and we drop like a placenta. But our small percent is an important percent, and our insides know this. As the container, we keep it from slithering off in several directions at once. It is truly a *good* symbiotic relationship. And we should be happy. Happy because our insides are not wicked or mischievous by nature.

One has only to imagine what it would be like if we had, say, the insides of an elephant. We would all be walking around with tusks, a big funny looking trunk, and a silly little tail. No, our bodies, as a whole, are quite serious. Sometimes they frustrate us, sometimes they give us joy, but we always should love them because they are *our wonderful bodies*. □

The Soul

Once believed to be everlasting and the source of our interest in religion, the soul now busies itself with helping us pick out flashy clothes and R & B records.

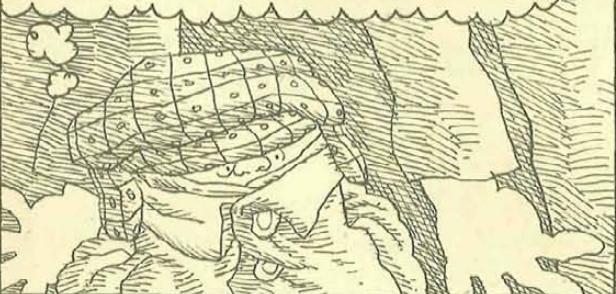


FUNNY PAGES

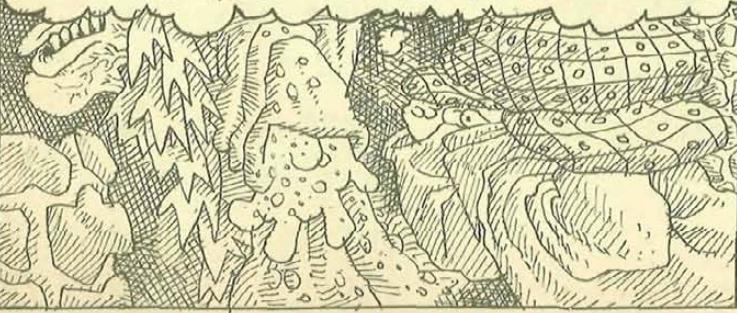
COONUTS

REMEMBER HOW YOU BUILT YOUR WORLD BIT BY BIT, GETTING IT A LITTLE BIGGER ALL THE TIME, ONLY WITH GAPS BETWEEN? AND HOW SOMETIMES YOU WENT OUTSIDE ITS LIMITS OR WANDERED INTO AN UNKNOWN SPACE?

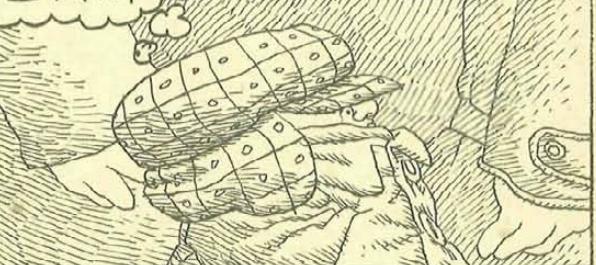
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I COULD GET THIS LOST JUST COMING BACK FROM THE MOVIES!



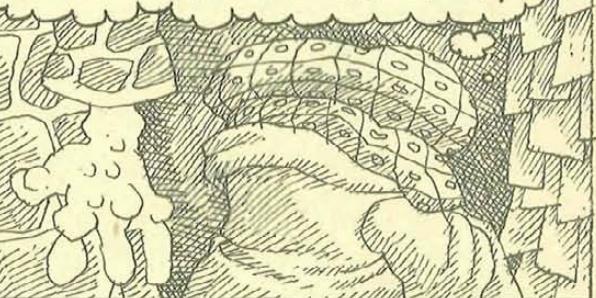
I NEVER REALIZED YOU COULD BE LOST FOREVER! WAIT—IS THAT MR. SHULTZ'S MARKET DOWN THERE?



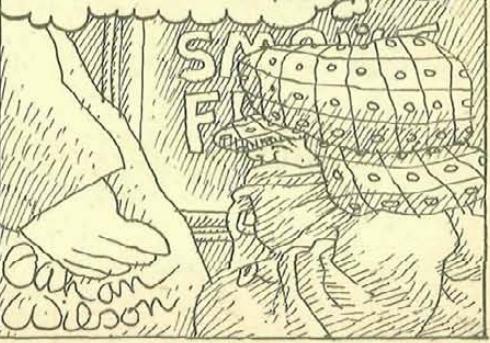
JEEZ, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN THIS SHORTCUT, I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE I AM!



IT'S REALLY WEIRD AROUND HERE, MAYBE SOMEHOW I GOT IN' THE WRONG CITY!



IT IS! IT IS! I'M ALRIGHT! I'LL BE HOME!!!

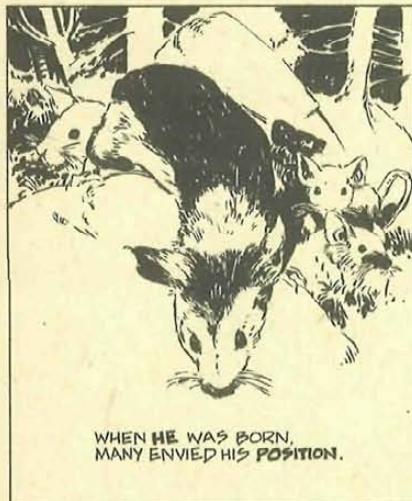




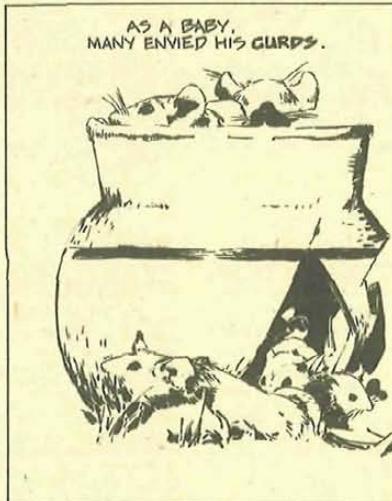
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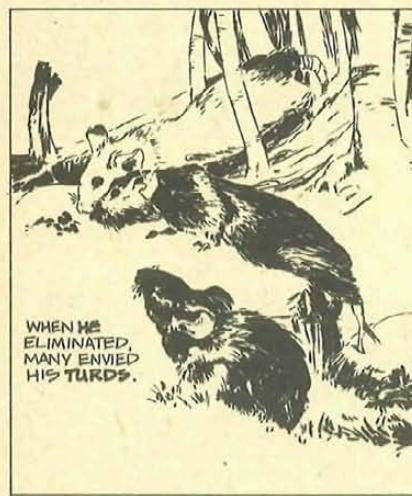
WHEN HE WAS BORN,
MANY ENVIED HIS POSITION.



AS A BABY,
MANY ENVIED HIS GUARDS.



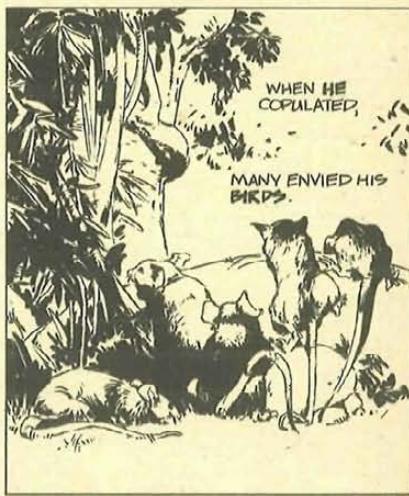
AS HE GREW,
MANY ENVIED HIS
AMBITION.



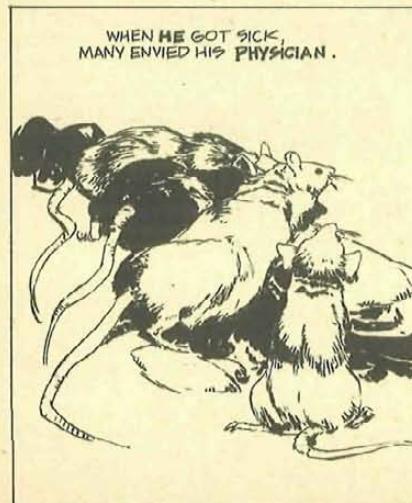
WHEN HE
ELIMINATED,
MANY ENVIED
HIS TURDS.



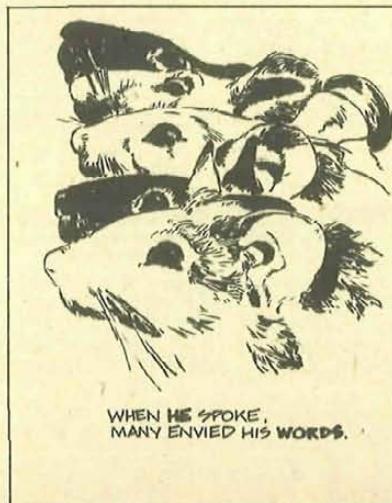
WHEN HE ATE,
MANY ENVIED HIS
DIGESTION.



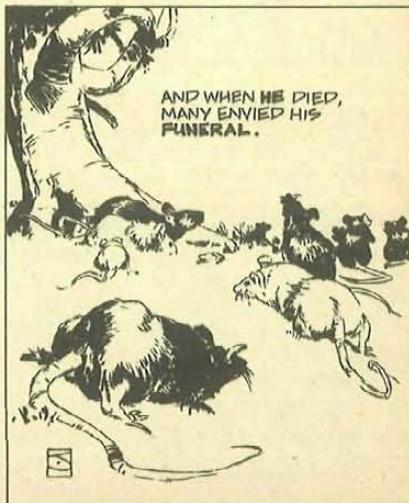
WHEN HE
COUPLED,
MANY ENVIED HIS
BIRDS.



WHEN HE GOT SICK,
MANY ENVIED HIS PHYSICIAN.



WHEN HE SPOKE,
MANY ENVIED HIS WORDS.



AND WHEN HE DIED,
MANY ENVIED HIS
FUNERAL.

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BODE'S SCARDOON CONCERT

CHEECH WIZARD

HAT
IN THE
BOX

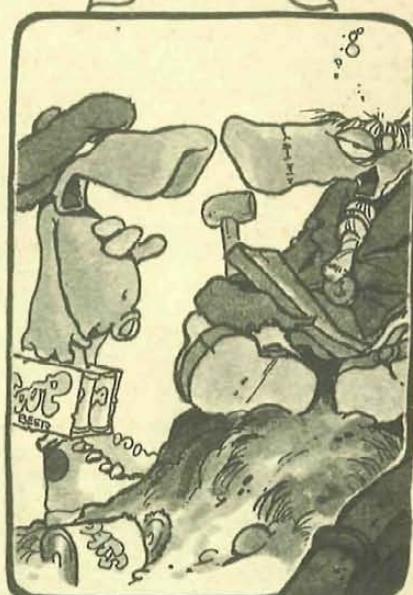
VAUGHN BODE ©1975

...AN, DAT WAS DA FIRST BLOW-JOB
I EVER GOT. HER MOUTH WAS
BLISTERED FROM DA' FRICTION
OF MY UNDULATING MEAT TRUCK.
...HOW COME THERE'S NO LIGHT-
SWITCH IN DIS WINEO PENTHOUSE?

HE, HE, CHEECH BEEN
DOWN IN DA' DIRT FOR
THREE DAYS NOW... I WILL
WAIT ONE MORE WEEK TO BE
SURE DAT FUKE GONE FOR
GOOD.

SAY, UGLY, YOU
SEEN CHEECH
WIZARD AROUND?
WE SPOSE TO GO
TO DA WHORE HOUSE
AN GET LAID.

DA HAT CAN'T
COME OUT AN
PLAY HEIN A BOX
UNDER MY MOUND.
HE IS DEAD
TODAY.



SOMEBODY OUGHTA CONDEM DIS
RUMY HOTEL. NO LIGHT, NO
FURNITURE, NO CLEAN BEDING...
I'LL BET DA ROOM SERVICE IS SO
SHIIY THEY DON'T SEND UP A SIX-
PACK AN A BROAD TO BOP.

CHEECH IS
SMOTHERED,
SNUFFED,
LIKE A HOT
TURD BALL
IN A ICE BOX.

LUCKY I HAVE A
COUPLE JOINTS
UP MY HAT. I'LL
GET STONED AN
WAK OFF TO DA THUMP
OF MY HORNED HEART.



WNEW-FM

PRESENTS

THE PROGRESSIVES



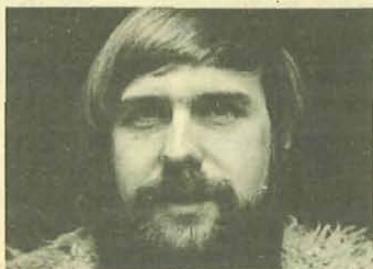
JONATHAN SCHWARTZ
6-10pm



SCOTT MUNI
2-6pm



ALISON STEELE
10pm-2am



RICHARD NEER
2-6am



DAVE HERMAN
6-10am



PETE FORNATALE
10am-2pm



DENNIS ELSAS
Weekends

PROGRESSIVES -noun- (pro-gress'ives), 1. forward moving, 2. aiming at or characterized by progress, 3. designating an aspect of the verb as being in progress, sometime in the past, present, or future.

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WNEW-FM
102.7
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STORY OF...

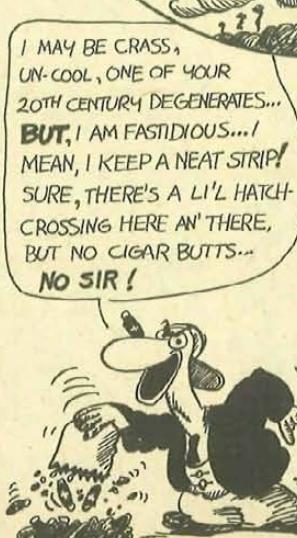
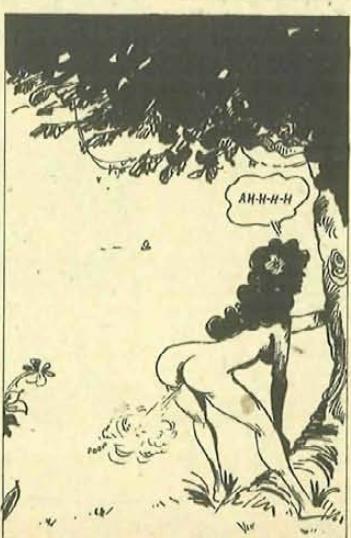
CHICKEN GONE CHICKENALIS

what is the sound of one leak yapping?

FAKE ©

by

FAKE



APOLOGIES TO WILSON, BODE, REESE, PREISS, PLENNICKEN, JONES, AND LONDON.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH. GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK.

AH! TO BE IN LOVE!



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"Getta J**OB**"

DIVISION OF
**UNEMPLOYMENT
COMPENSATION**

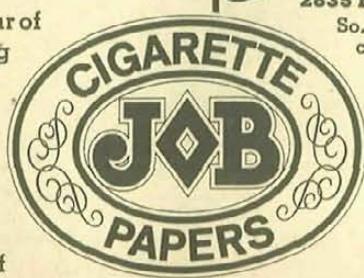


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You may not have a job right now, but J**OB**, that French Cigarette Paper Company, is making an offer you can't resist.

We've put together a kit, containing four of our favorite easy rolling, clean smoking J**OB** papers.

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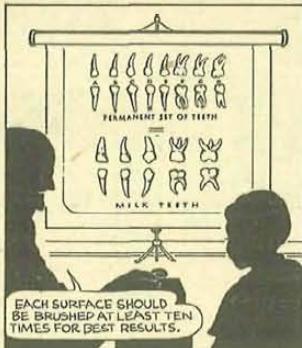
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Johnny Jones in At the Dentist

A Public Service of the National Humor Council

JOHNNY HAS JUST BEEN INFORMED BY HIS DENTIST THAT HIS TEETH SHOW THE RESULTS OF IMPROPER BRUSHING.



AMERICAN COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 32

WORD BALLOONS

PLACE YOUR WORD BALLOONS CAREFULLY! STUDY FIG. #1 AND FIG. #2 TO SEE HOW THE COMIC MESSAGE HAS BEEN SUBTLY ALTERED BY A MISPLACED WORD BALLOON.



FIG. # 1



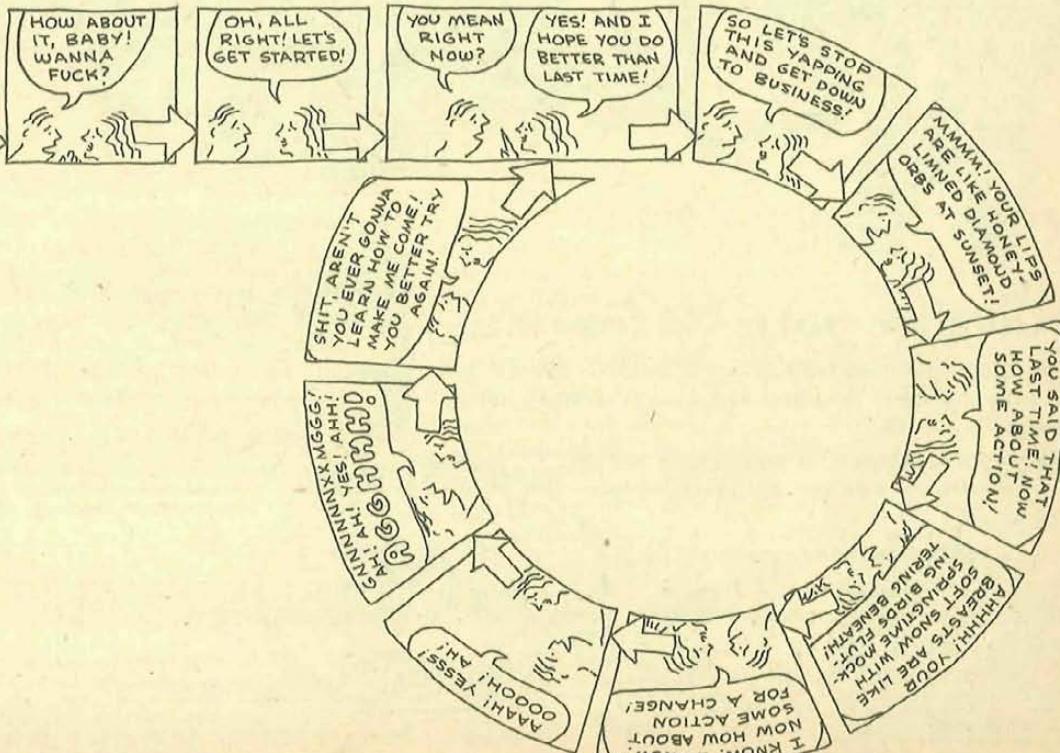
FIG. # 2

GOES-ON-FOREVER PORNO COMICS!

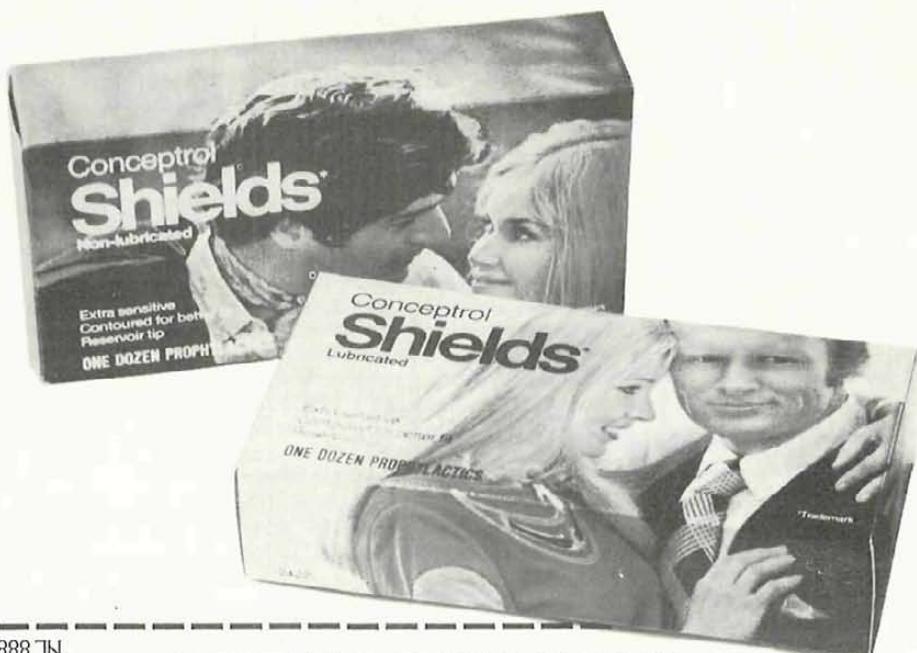
MOST FOR YOUR MONEY!

BY ED SUBITZKY

INSTRUCTIONS:
START HERE,
THEN READ
NORMALLY, PAN-
EL AFTER PAN-
EL, FOLLOW-
ING ARROWS



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WORLD'S LARGEST LABORATORIES DEVOTED TO FAMILY PLANNING RESEARCH

continued from page 84

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See page 24 for Gold Turkey contest details

see. Now, what happens if you're somehow "found out"? Nothing, that's what happens. They'll have to let you stay a doctor once they know you're on to their scam. After all, you might have a copy of this article stashed with your lawyer in case you get a .44 Magnum French kiss or somebody gives you a pair of concrete tap shoes and a one-way boat ticket on the East River Short Line. And a patient can't tell on you because of the legal principle of doctor-patient confidentiality. So you're perfectly safe using any part of your *National Lampoon Doctor's Privilege Kit*.

Your New Privileges as an M.D.

Physicians enjoy three basic legal privileges. The first and most important is the right to possess, use, buy, and sell *any* drug; and to transport it across every border in the Free World. Which is to say, "*Welcome to hog heaven!! The free Cadillacs are over there between the mink bed sheets and the Chateau Rothschild-Lafitte tank car, honey, you're rollin' in it now!*" (Incidentally, you might tip off a few close friends that they don't ever have to pay a doctor. Those medical bills with more zeros than a Strategy and Tactics final in a Syrian military academy are strictly for appearance's sake—sent out by the same secret professional organization that invented the Mafia to explain all that dope.) Naturally, access to drugs means more than just personal mone-

try gain. Drugs are an important part of a modern doctor's capacity to deal with disease and injury. If you don't believe me, just try walking around in an emergency room full of puking flu victims and bloody cripples without popping a handful of Quaaludes first. Not to mention surgery! You can't imagine the amount of big, slimy organs and viscous gore a human body's got inside. And one slice and it's all over the place. Jesus, I wouldn't try *that* straight. But, you know, if you're really stoned and everything you can kind of get into it on a heavy primeval ooze trip kind of level like reading Ed Sander's *The Family* except without all the paranoid vibes.

The second thing you're allowed to do is speed and turn left on red lights and roar around at night without your lights on and generally drive like hell with complete immunity from traffic rules and regulations. Which is a good thing, considering all the dope you'll be doing. Also, you can park by fire hydrants.

The third important privilege of a medical doctor is the right to do anything you want to with anybody's body, especially girls. Perhaps you've noticed that women are forever having some or another problem with their personal plumbing. And, like most males, you've probably wondered, "What gives?" I mean, you never hear about a guy having Pap smears, Wasserman tests, vaginitis, or

continued on page 103

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Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxuriant blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through the icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof*!!! You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We GUARANTEE IT!

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INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—in *their very own words*—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick her up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

PICK UP MORE GIRLS IN A MONTH THAN MOST MEN DO IN A LIFETIME.

If you don't pick up at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving this book, you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, *you'll* be the one who knows how to move into action. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS costs only \$8.95—less than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much *more* of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful girls, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!



IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT LOVER WOMEN CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL: A Picture Book of Love. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with.

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That's why HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL can be such a help. It's chock full of hundreds of techniques that *overnight* can turn you into an "expert" at turning on a woman. Here are just a few of the techniques you will learn and master:

- How to get a woman to "let herself go" • "Magic" caresses • The techniques of touch • Stimulating a woman • Building feminine passion • The building of sexual power • Special sexual motions • Dozens of exotic positions • How to take off her clothes • Rocking motions • The magic of Warm Baths • Building sexual control • Best ways to generate passion • And hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with truly luscious photographs

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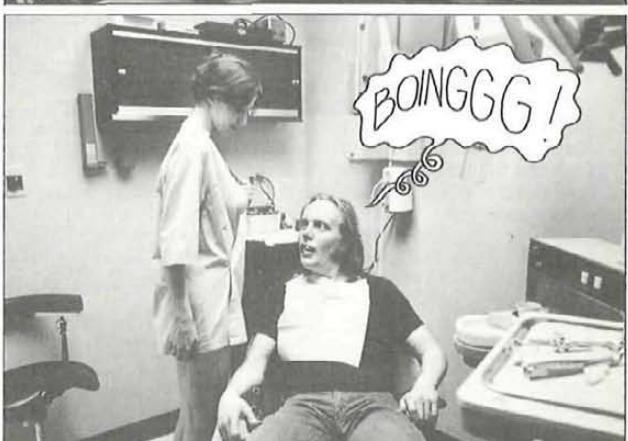
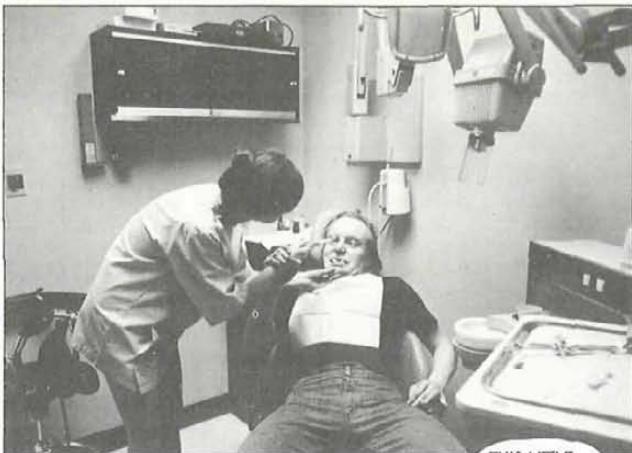
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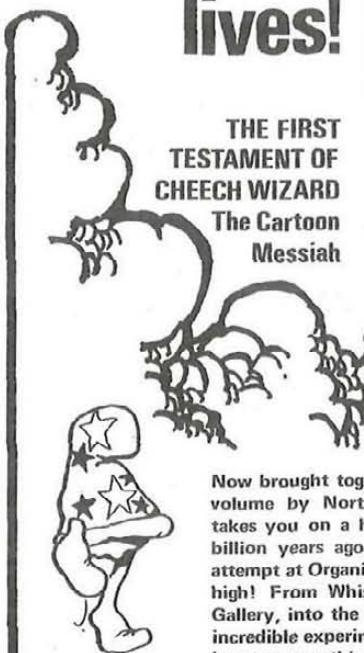
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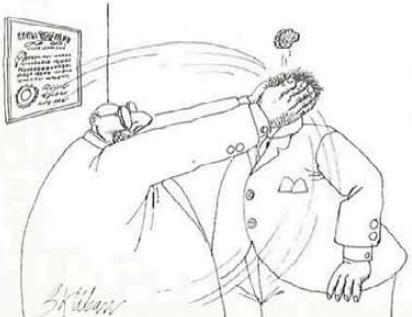
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yeast infections—let alone a dork-bled every four weeks. But women are in and out of the doctor's office like Illinois tourists at a Guadalajara comfort station. I don't think I have to go into detail; suffice it to say that a perusal of Chapter XXXVII in *Gray's Anatomy* will show you how to arrange for this in your own practice. Complete right of physical access to people's bodies also lets you empty a service automatic into anybody you don't like and call the bullet wounds "acne."

There are plenty of other privileges, too. Doctor's orders are binding statutes under common law, so you can order people to *really* sit on a pickle or actually force them to piss up a rope. And you'll diagnose your own trick knees when we have our next war. Or, if you want, they'll make you an officer so you can lay about colonial villas, getting what ever kinko sex act our latest foreign ally specializes in, while noncoms with big red targets on their helmets dash around the free-fire zone stuffing cotton wool and sulfa into land mine wounds. And you'll subscribe to exclusive professional journals that publish the home phone numbers of beautiful movie stars. There are secret golf strokes known only to doctors and special physicians' preferred stocks that pay a yearly dividend of small Caribbean islands. You'll get to hang out with pro football players who'll treat you like their buddy, and airlines will tell you ahead of time which planes are going to crash. And if you should somehow *still* manage to wind up as a soak on skid row, all your alki-stiff chums will call you "Doc," and one day a big-time gangster will get gunned down in front of your flophouse and you'll have to dig the slug out of his shoulder with a broken steak knife when you discover that his moll is your own lost daughter who, reformed by the example of a new life you quickly undertake, goes back to college and marries the governor's son, renouncing her mobster beau who's sorely tempted to revenge but destroys the evidence of an early scandal in her father-in-law's career out of gratitude to you. □



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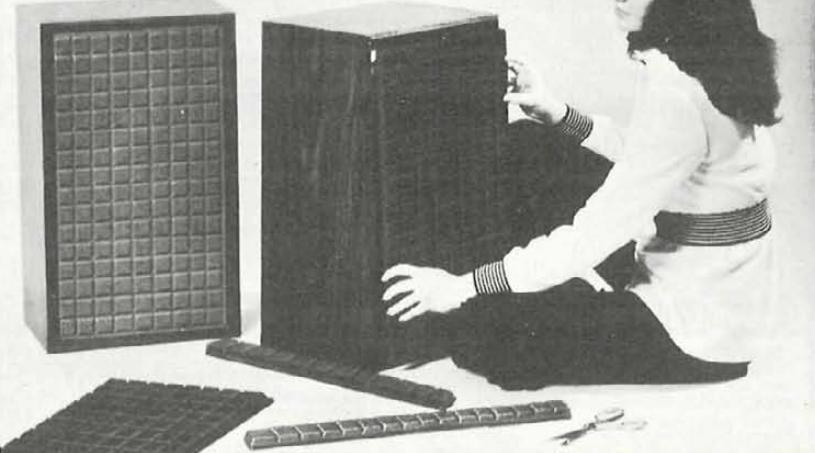
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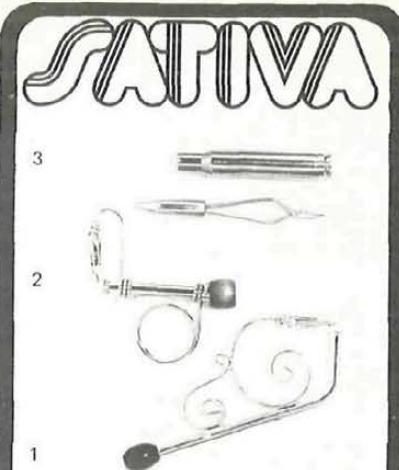
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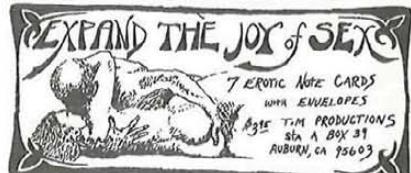
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26 Miami, Florida
27 St. Petersburg, Florida
29 Pensacola, Florida
30 New Orleans, Louisiana
April 1 Lake Charles, Louisiana
2 Shreveport, Louisiana
3 Dallas, Texas
5 Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
6 Houston, Texas
7 Austin, Texas
11 Kansas City, Missouri
12 Memphis, Tennessee
13 Evansville, Indiana

April 15 Wichita, Kansas
16 St. Louis, Missouri
17 Lincoln, Nebraska
21,22 Santa Monica, California
23 Phoenix, Arizona
24 San Diego, California
26,27 San Francisco, California
28 Sacramento, California
30 Spokane, Washington
May 2 Portland, Oregon
3 Seattle, Washington
4 Vancouver, Br. Columbia
15 Salt Lake City, Utah
16 Denver, Colorado
20 Milwaukee, Wisconsin
21 St. Paul, Minnesota
23 Chicago, Illinois
24 Cleveland, Ohio
25 Detroit, Michigan
May 27 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
28,29 Buffalo, New York
31 Utica, New York
June 1 Rochester, New York
3 Westbury, Long Island
4 Hartford, Connecticut
6,7 New York, New York
9 Saratoga, New York
10 Bangor, Maine
11 Lewiston, Maine
17 Hershey, Pennsylvania
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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.

MAY, 1971/FUTURE: With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual, Toilets of the Extraterrestrials, Printout, the computer magazine, and The 1906 *National Lampoon*.

JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holiyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet*.

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, and 125th Street.

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the '70s, Gahan Wilson Science Fiction Movie Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life . . . Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With Son-o'-God Comics, The Vietnamese Baby Book, and The Last Really, No Shit Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog.

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon As Big as the Taft.

JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION: With *UFO*, The Flying Saucer Magazine, a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story, Extraterrestrials, The Last TV Show, Dodosaurus, and Gahan Wilson's Klik.

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With True Politics magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o'-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, Playdead magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With the National Inspire, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and Ivory magazine.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics, Gun Lust Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Popular Workbench, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With Psychology Today parody, Son-o'-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitedove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT? With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kliban's Turk.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day.

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and Poonbear.

FEBRUARY 1974/STRANGE SEX: With *National Lampoon*, First Lay Comics, Marilyn Monroe Calendar, Split Beaver Section, Sex Pornographic, Terry Southern and William Burroughs.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS "Tyrannic" Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheesburg.

MAY, 1974/50TH ANNIVERSARY: With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digestor's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Sex Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Battarf Comics*.

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENT: With *VD Comics*, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zepplin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Icicles Capades.

FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE: With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, *Historia de Amor*, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone With the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker* Parody.

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggles, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

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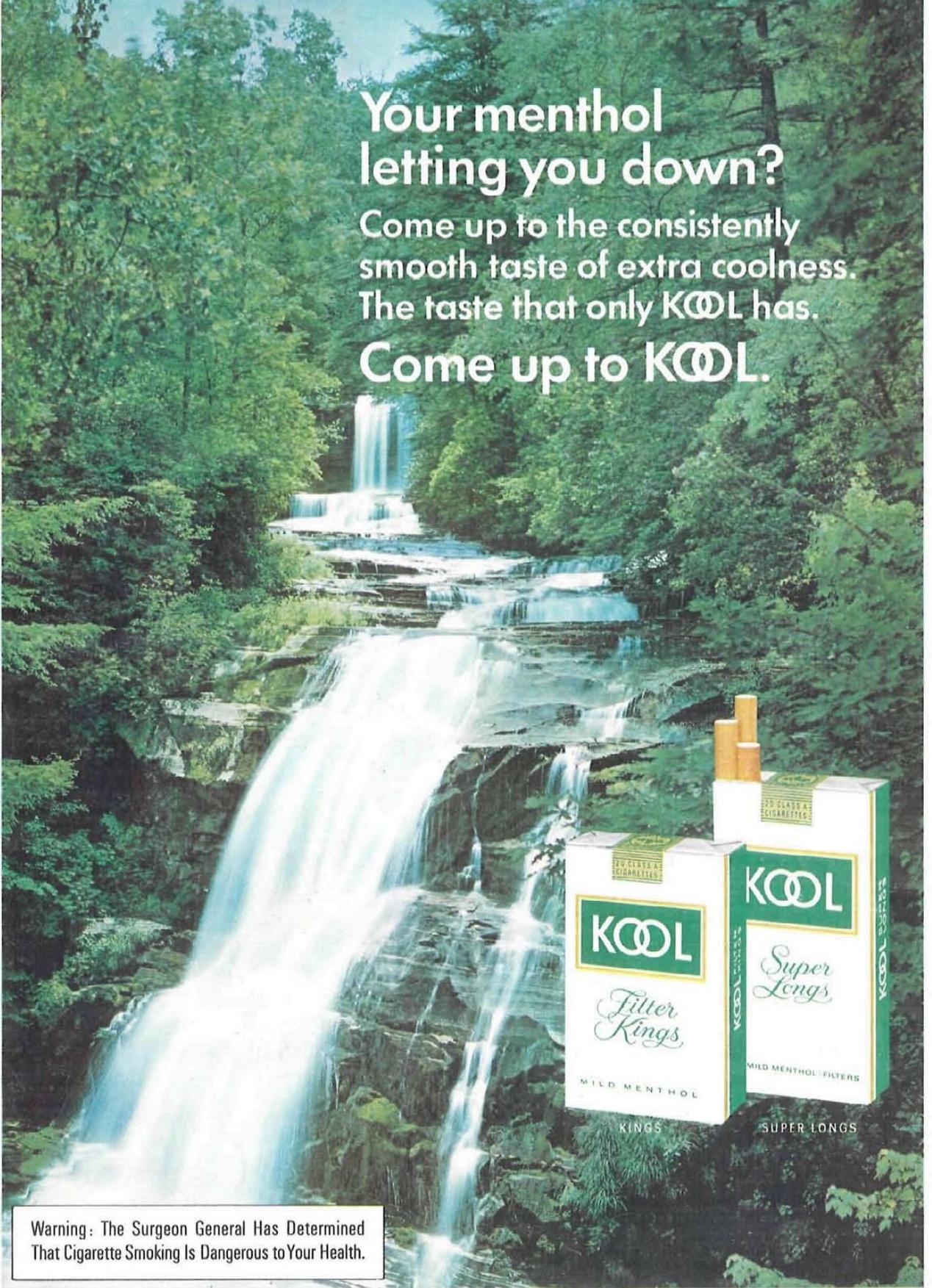
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